



39

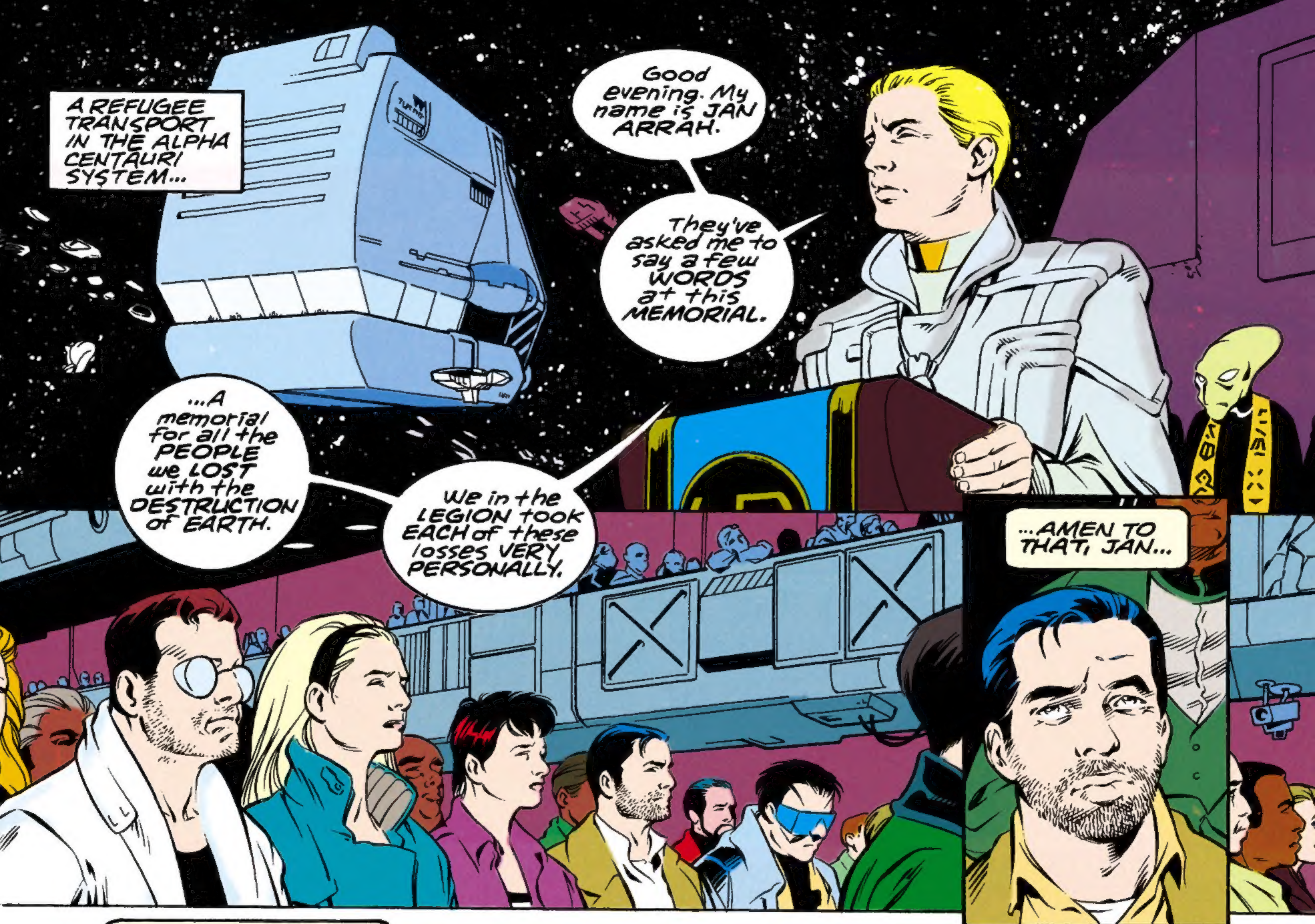
JAN 93

LEGION

OF SUPER-HEROES

BEGINNINGS

T & M BIERBAUM
STUART IMMONEN
KEITH GIFFEN
JOHN DELL III



A REFUGEE
TRANSPORT
IN THE ALPHA
CENTAURI
SYSTEM...

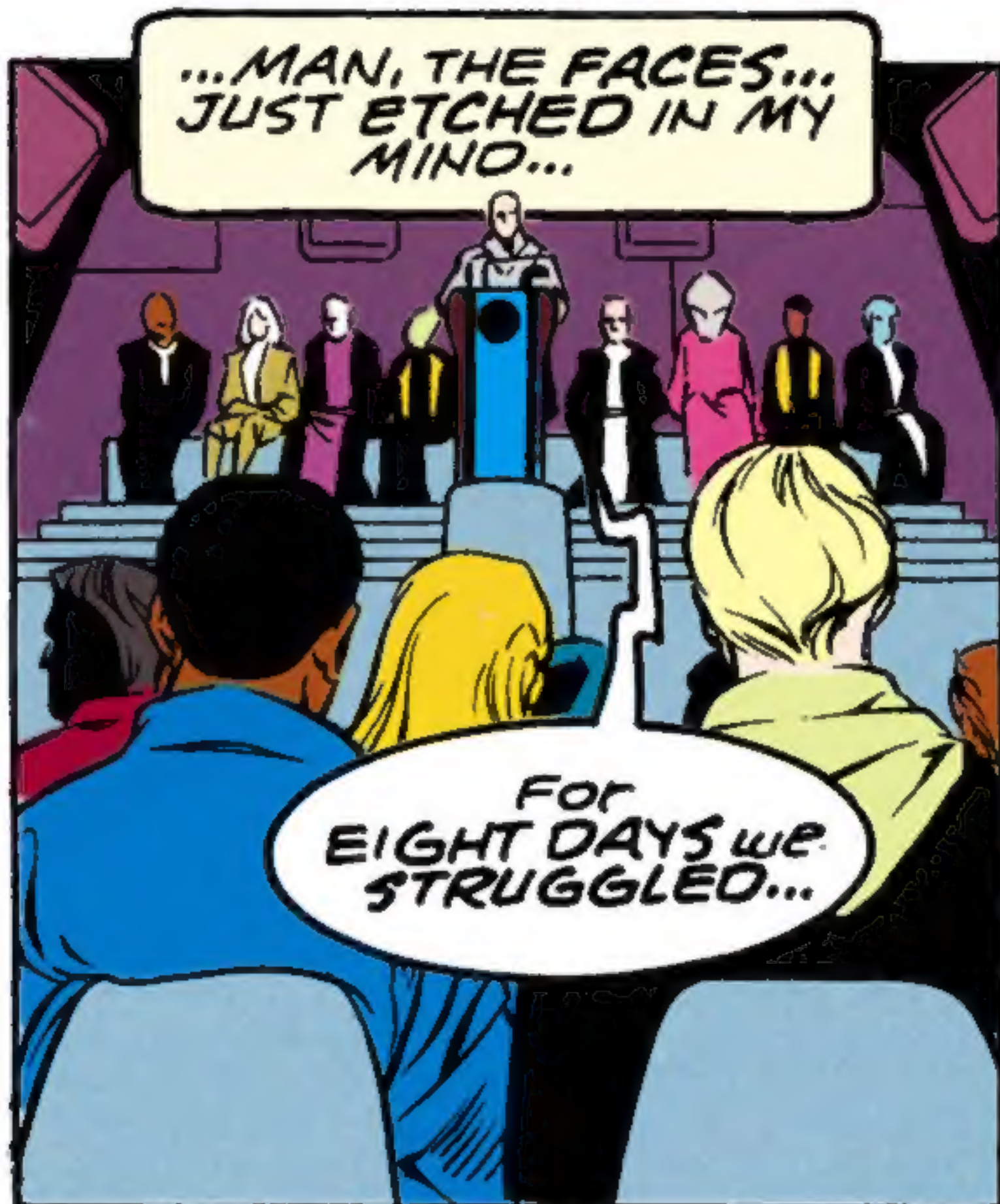
Good
evening. My
name is JAN
ARRAH.

They've
asked me to
say a few
WORDS
at this
MEMORIAL.

...A
memorial
for all the
PEOPLE
we LOST
with the
DESTRUCTION
OF EARTH.

We in the
LEGION took
EACH of these
losses VERY
PERSONALLY.

...AMEN TO
THAT, JAN...



...MAN, THE FACES...
JUST ETCHED IN MY
MIND...

For
EIGHT DAYS we
STRUGGLED...



...THE
FACES...

struggled
raving
lunatics...



where dead
are the
souls

...THE
SOULS...

dead are
the souls



HUH-WHA--?

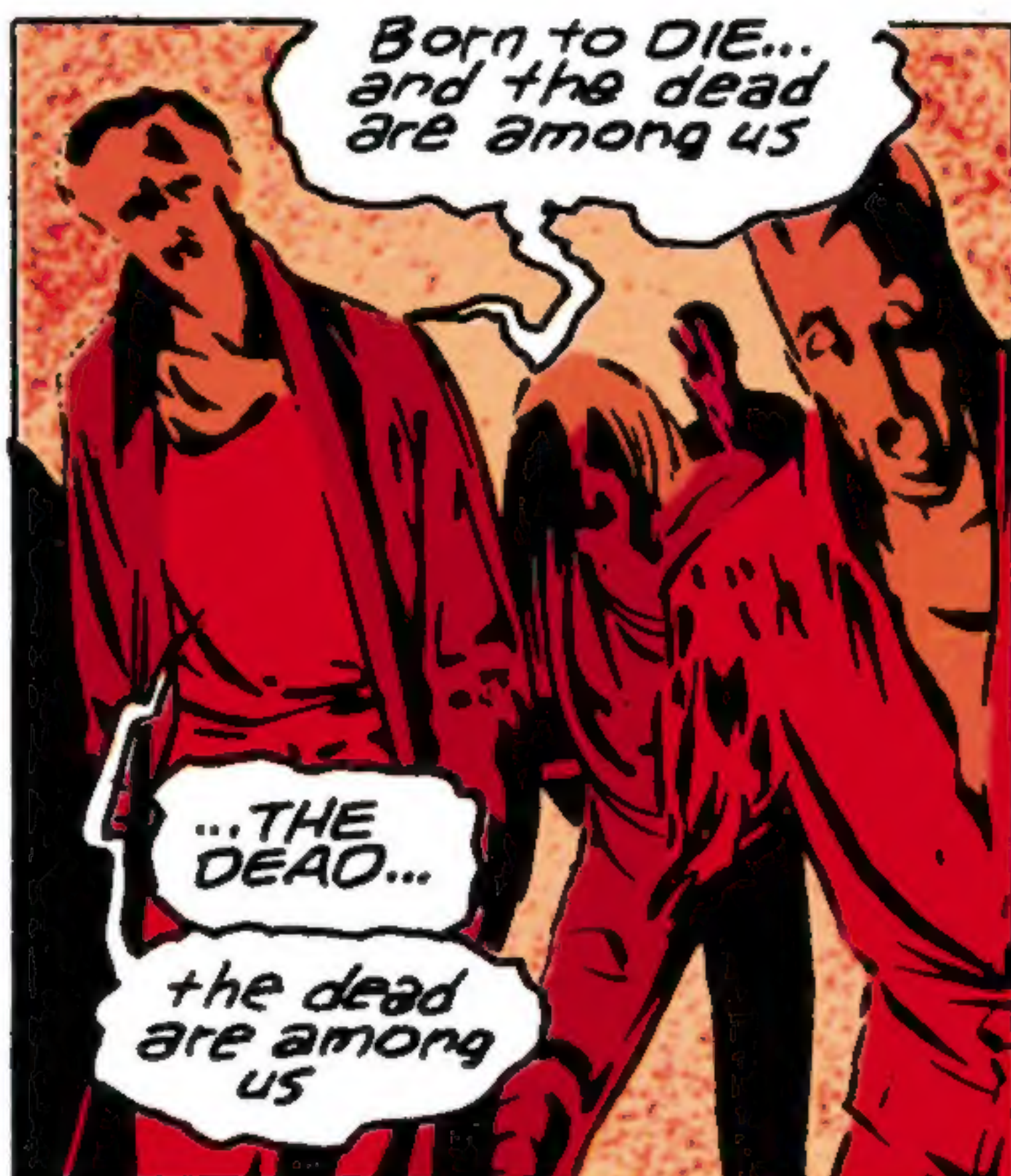
But it
wasn't really for
THEM that we
struggled.

GEEZ!... MUST'VE...
DOZED OFF...



...MUST'VE...

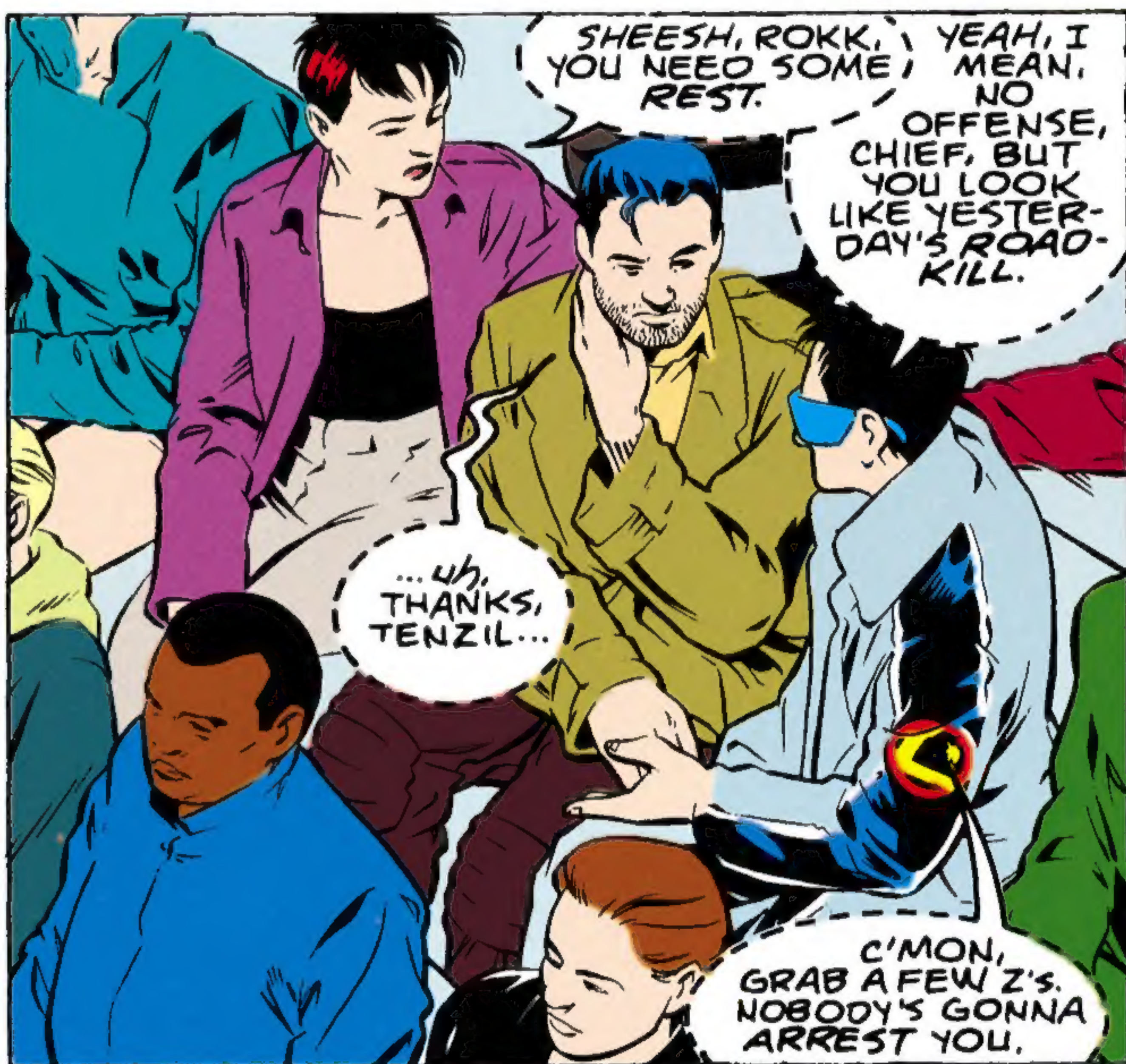
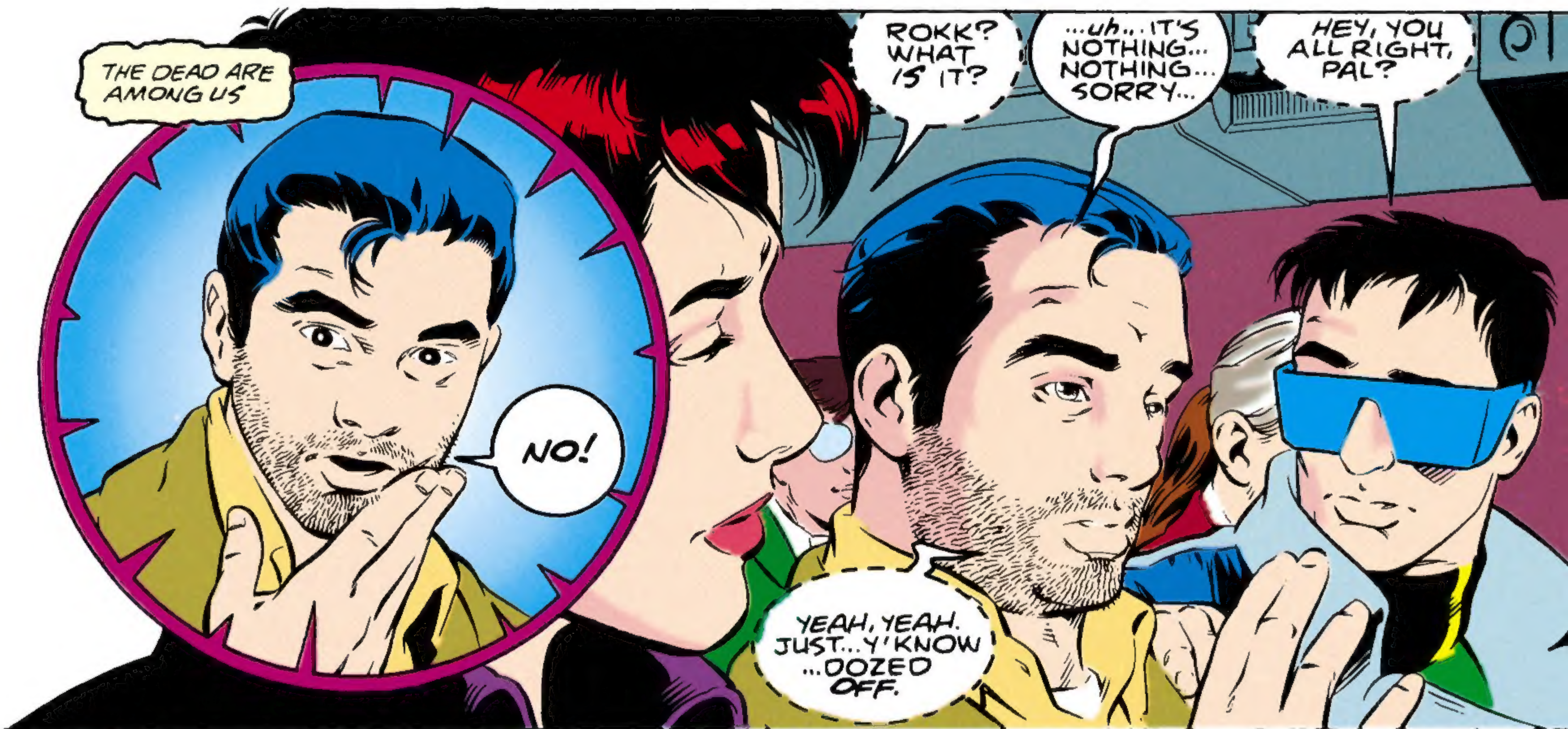
And
it isn't
four... REM...
that we
BORN.

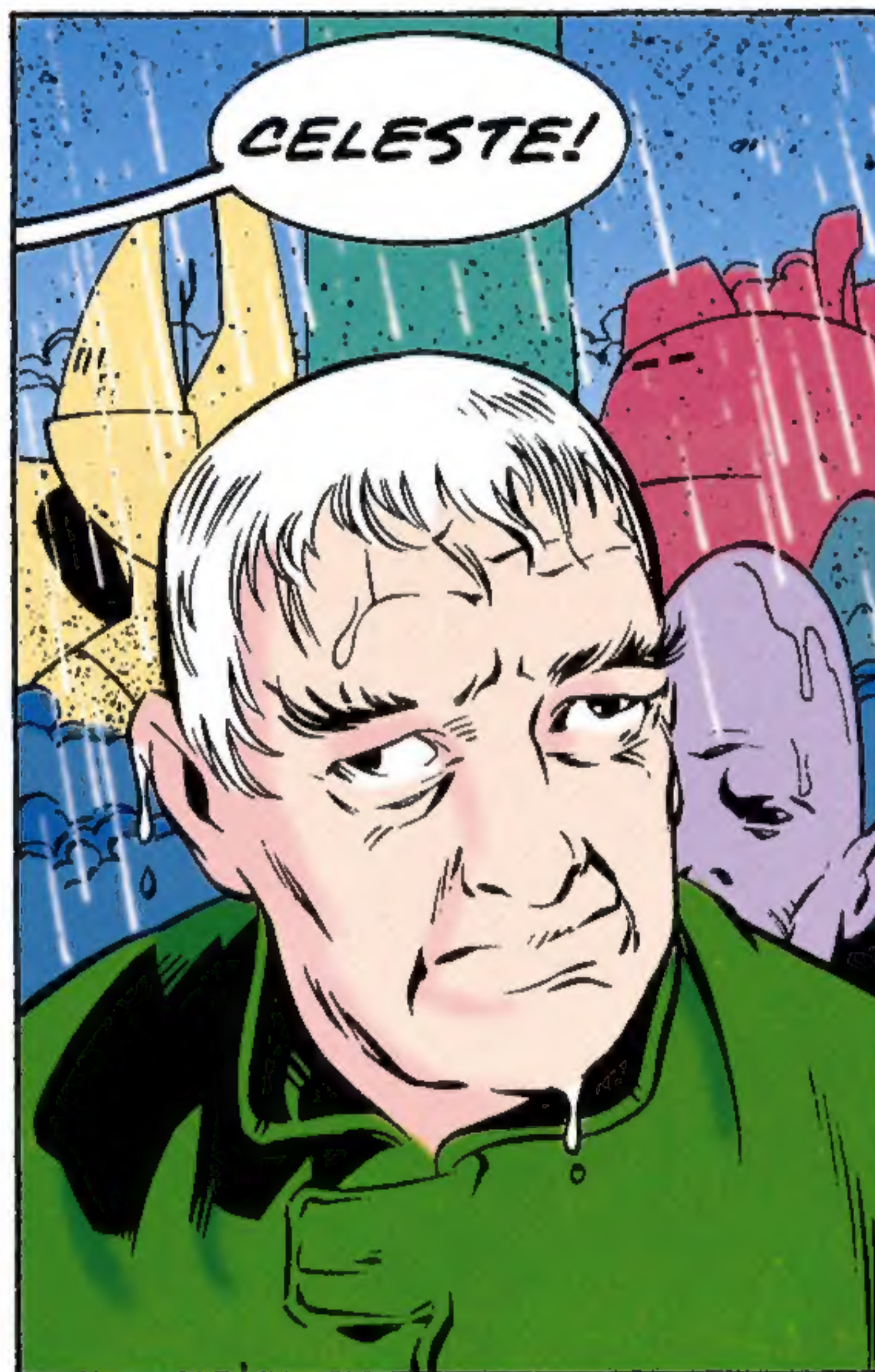
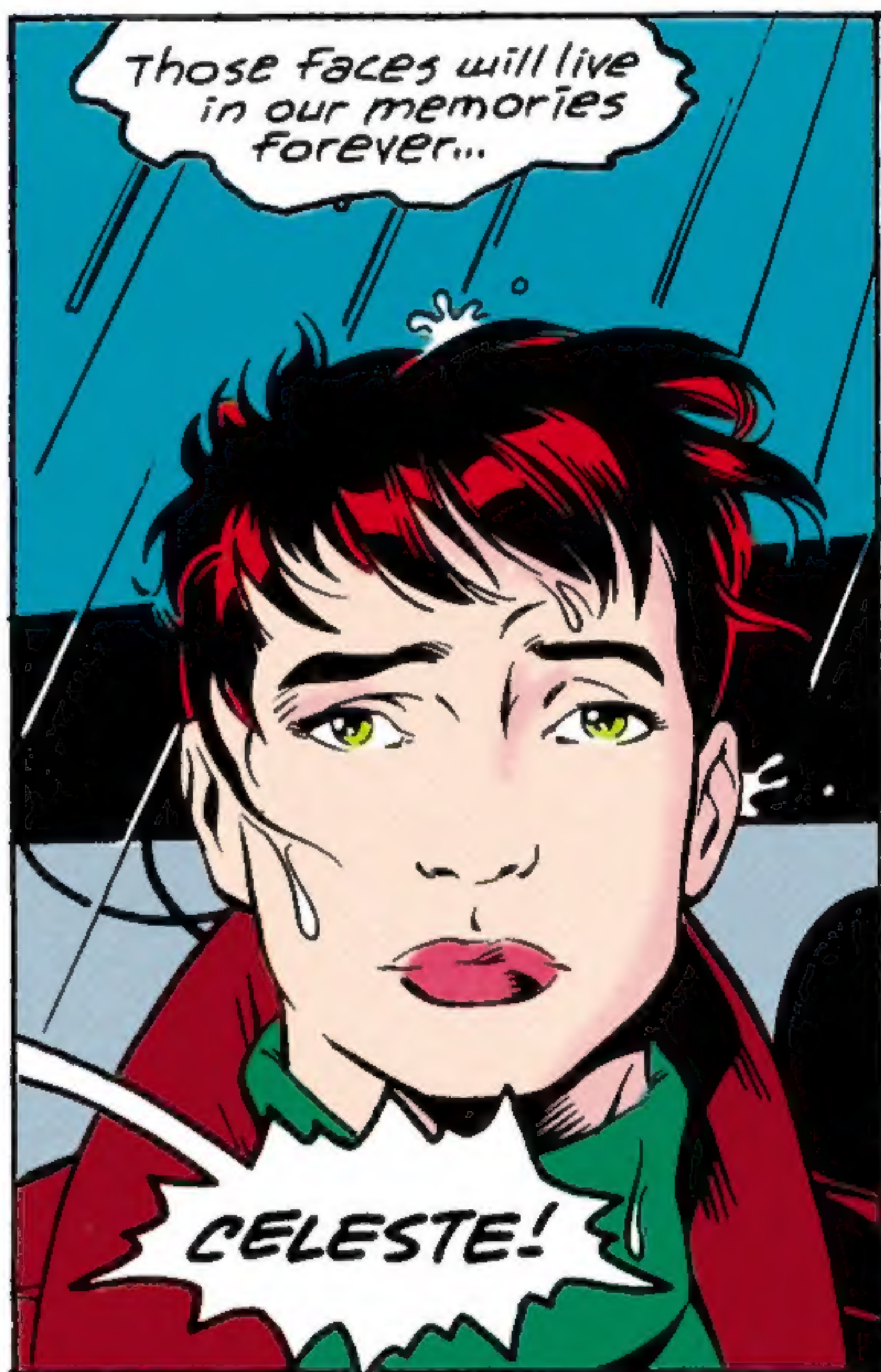


Born to DIE...
and the dead
are among us

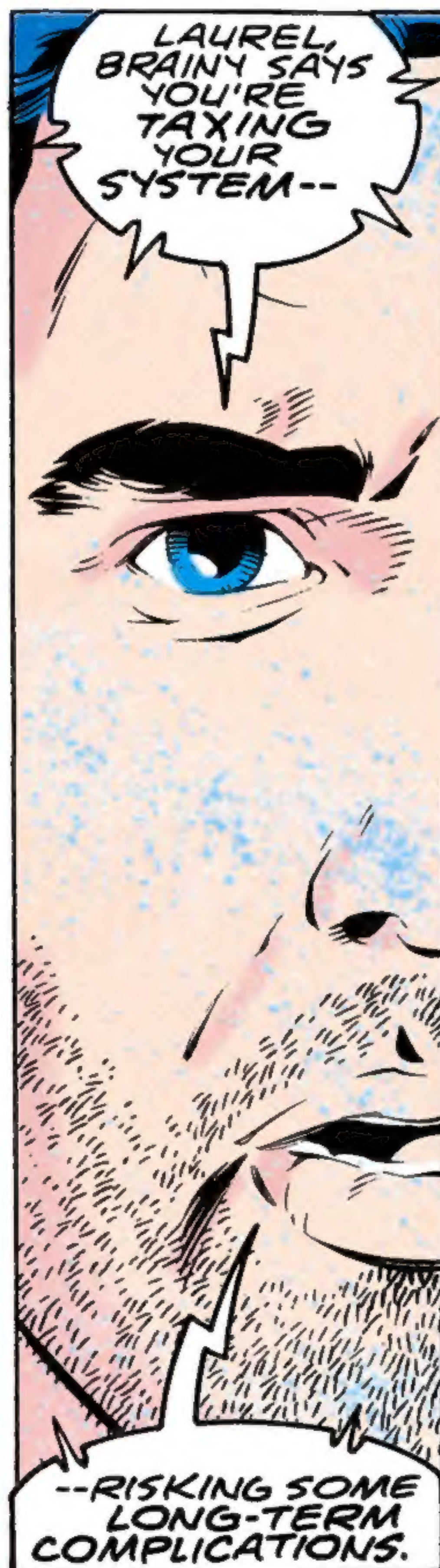
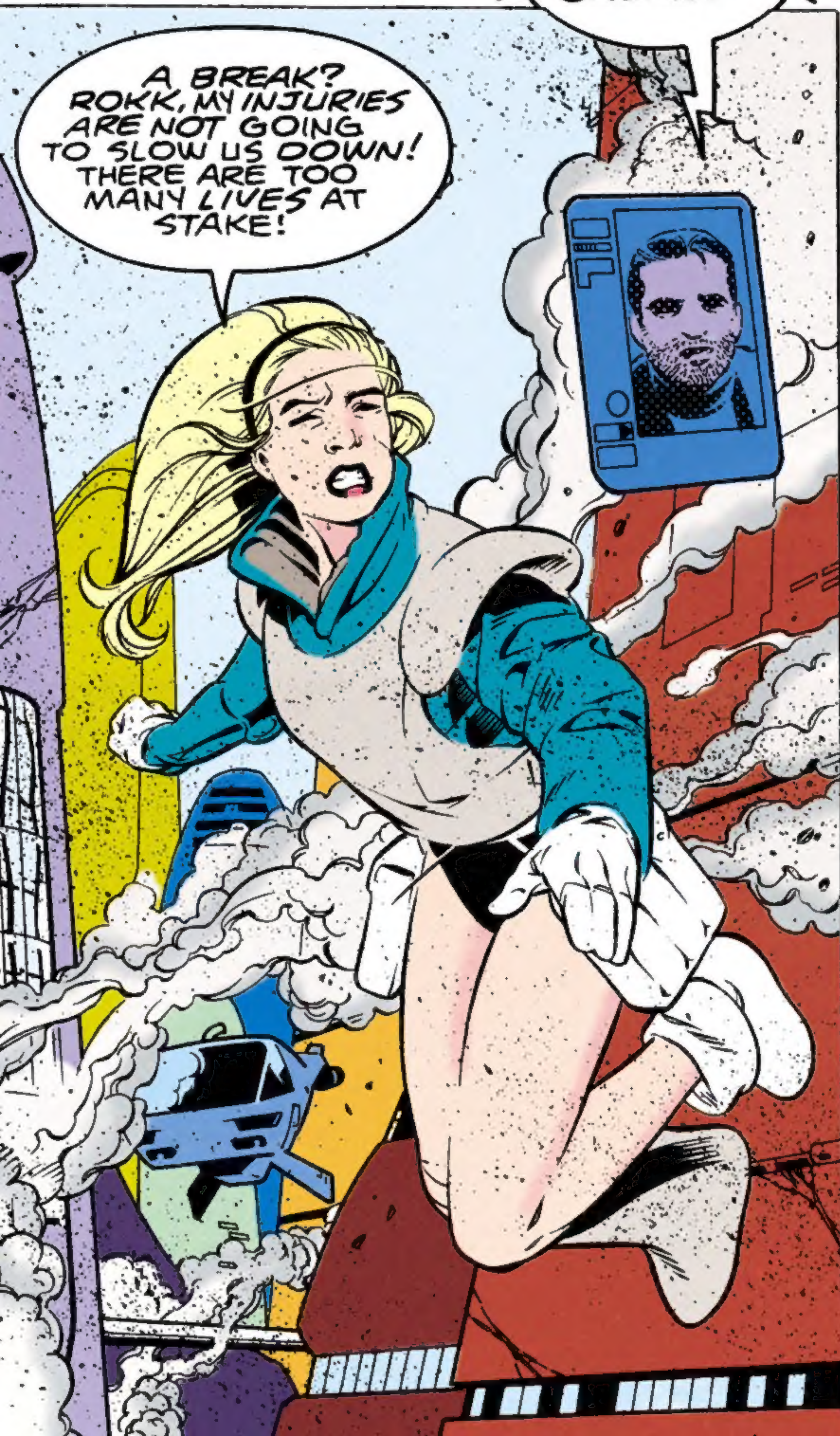
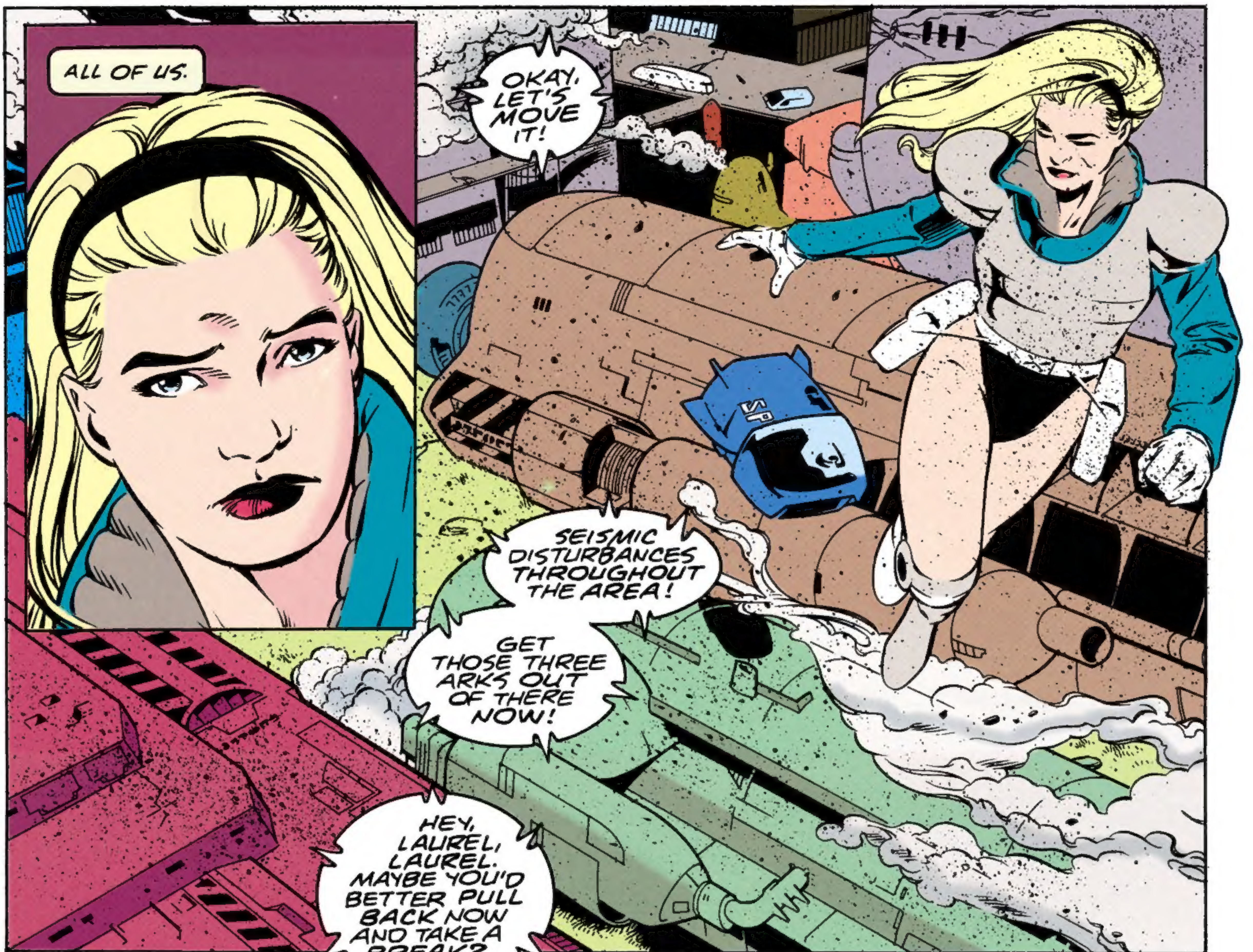
...THE
DEAD...

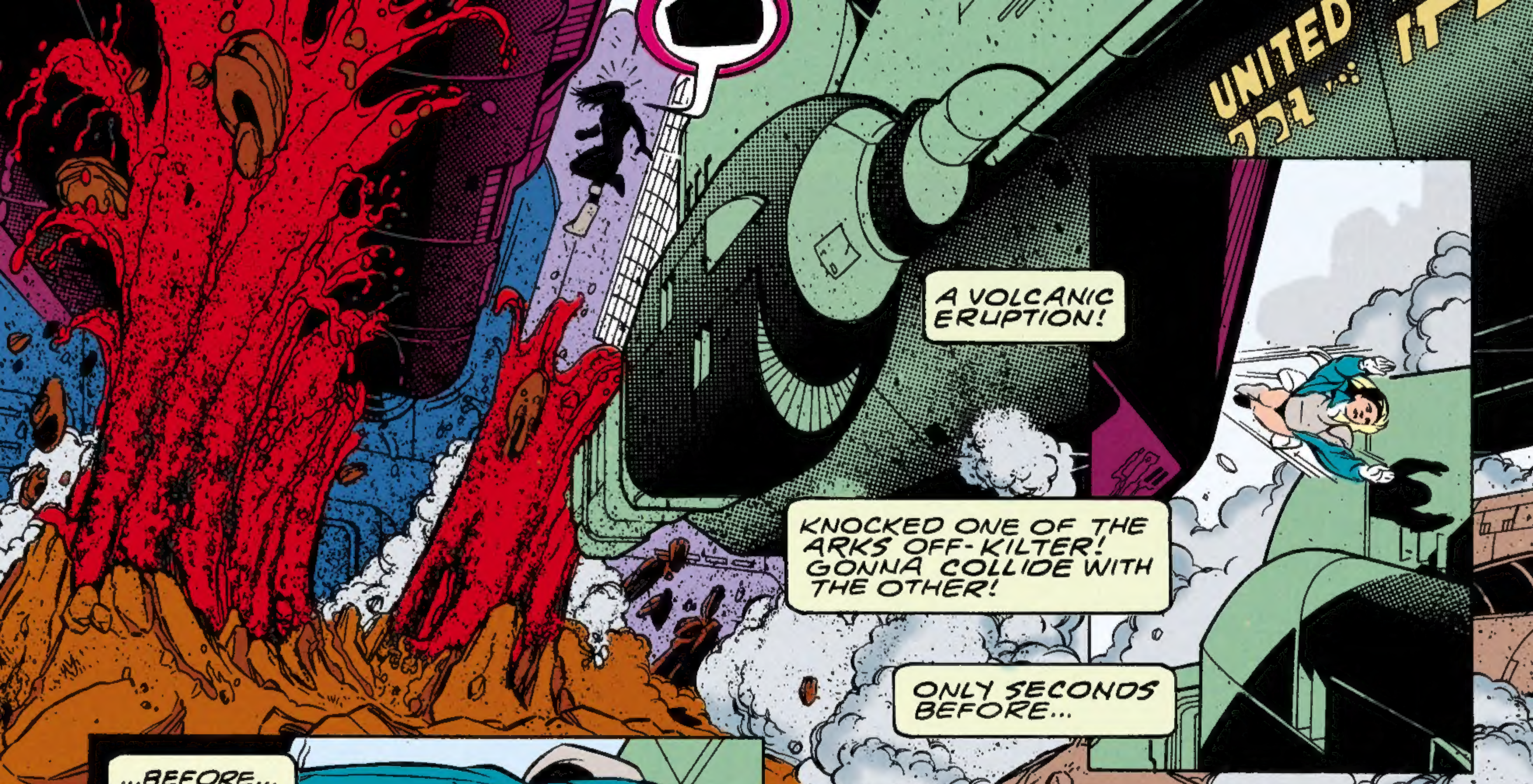
the dead
are among
us







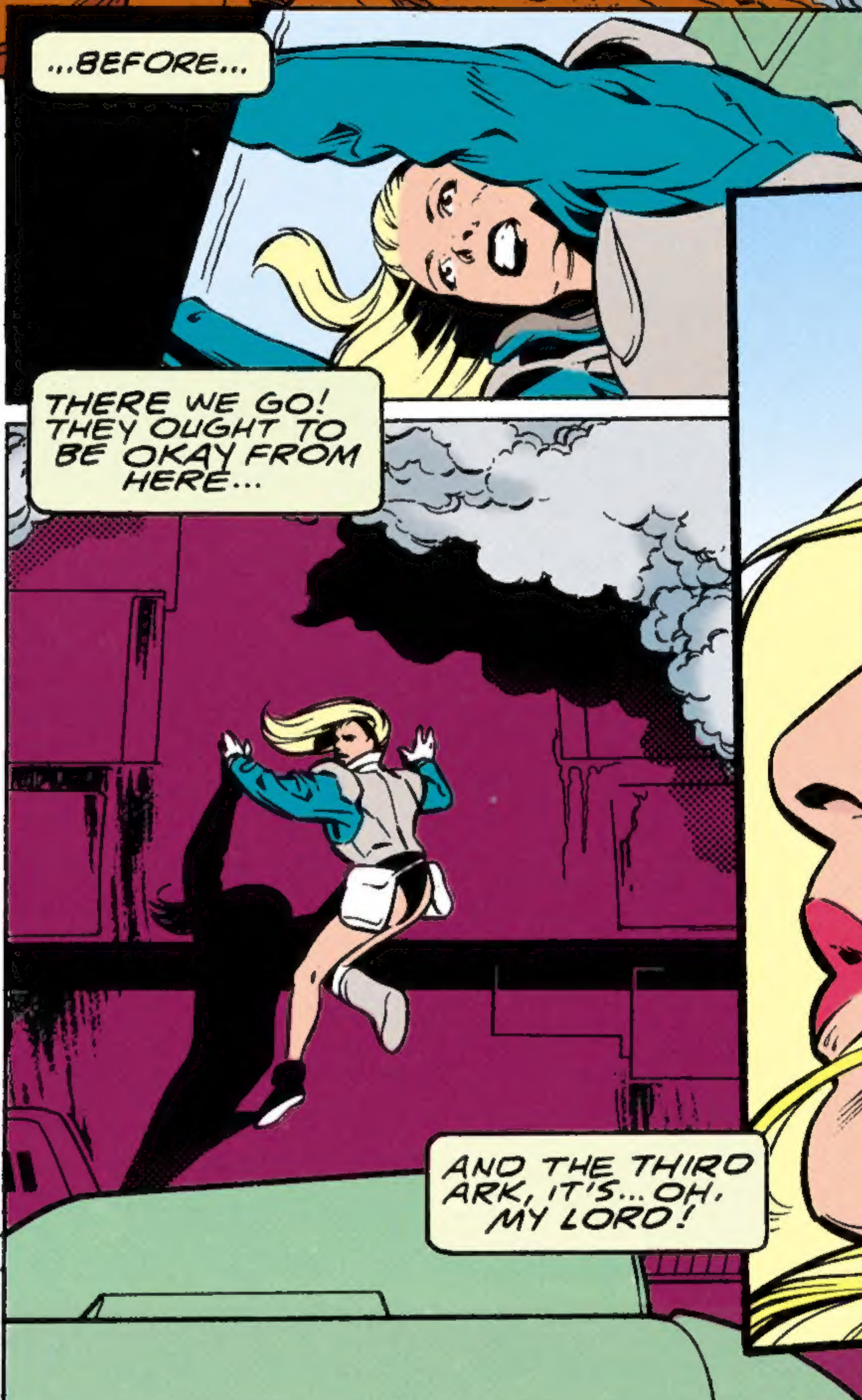




A VOLCANIC
ERUPTION!

KNOCKED ONE OF THE
ARKS OFF-KILTER!
GONNA COLLIDE WITH
THE OTHER!

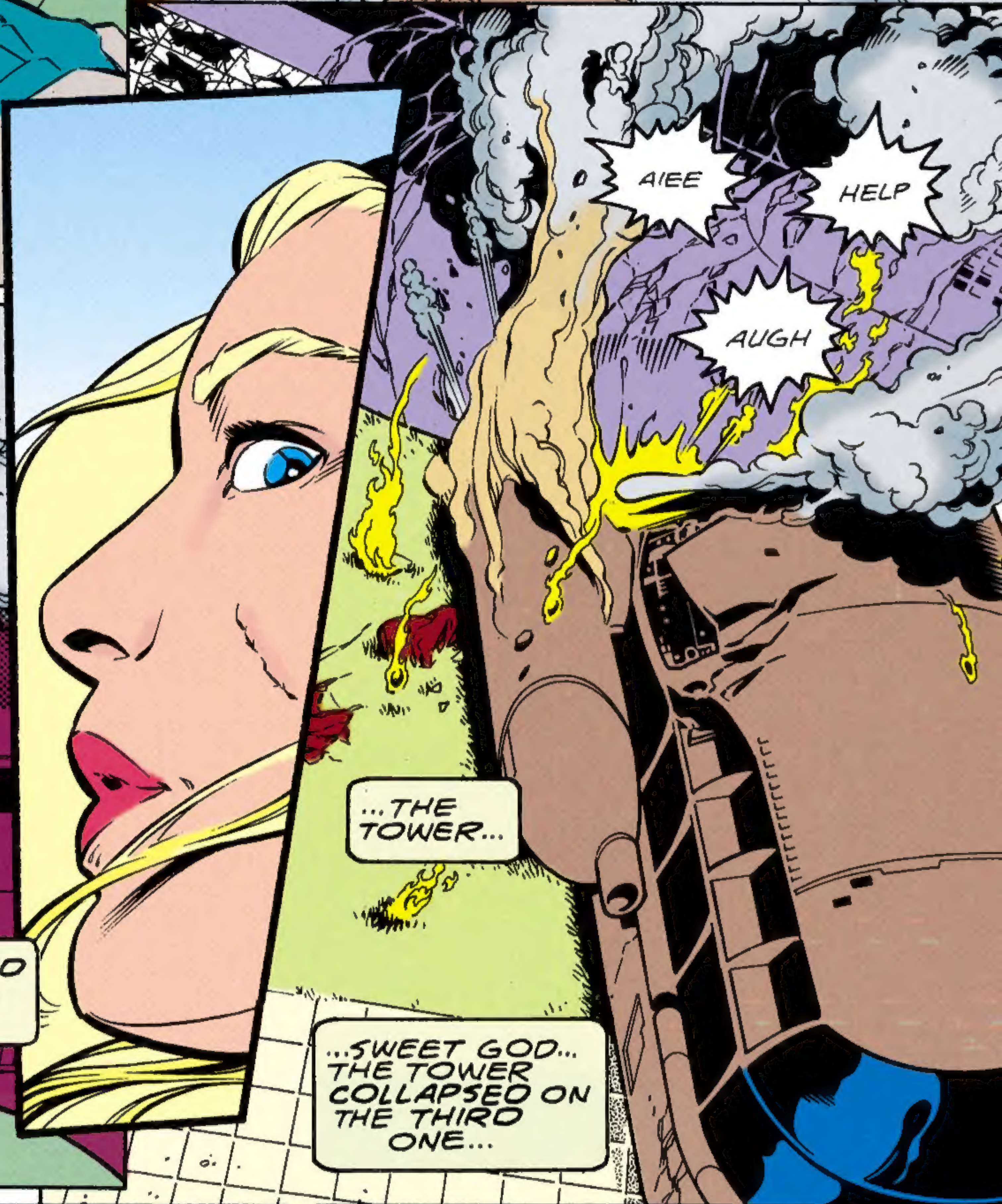
ONLY SECONDS
BEFORE...



...BEFORE...

THERE WE GO!
THEY OUGHT TO
BE OKAY FROM
HERE...

AND THE THIRD
ARK, IT'S... OH,
MY LORD!



AIEE HELP

AUGH

...THE
TOWER...

...SWEET GOD...
THE TOWER
COLLAPSED ON
THE THIRD
ONE...



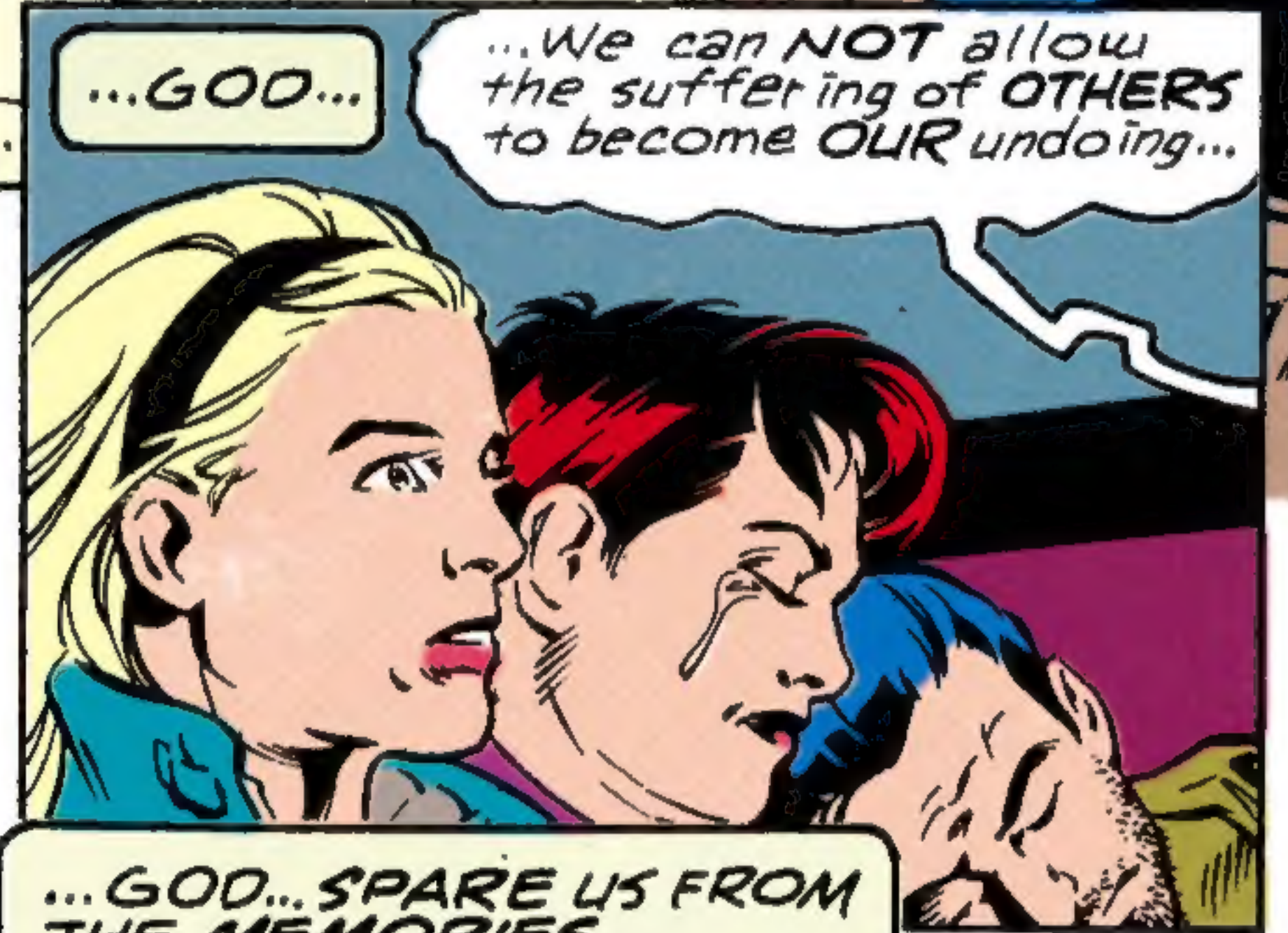
...NO...

NO!



No. We can NOT
let grief overcome
us...

HUH?



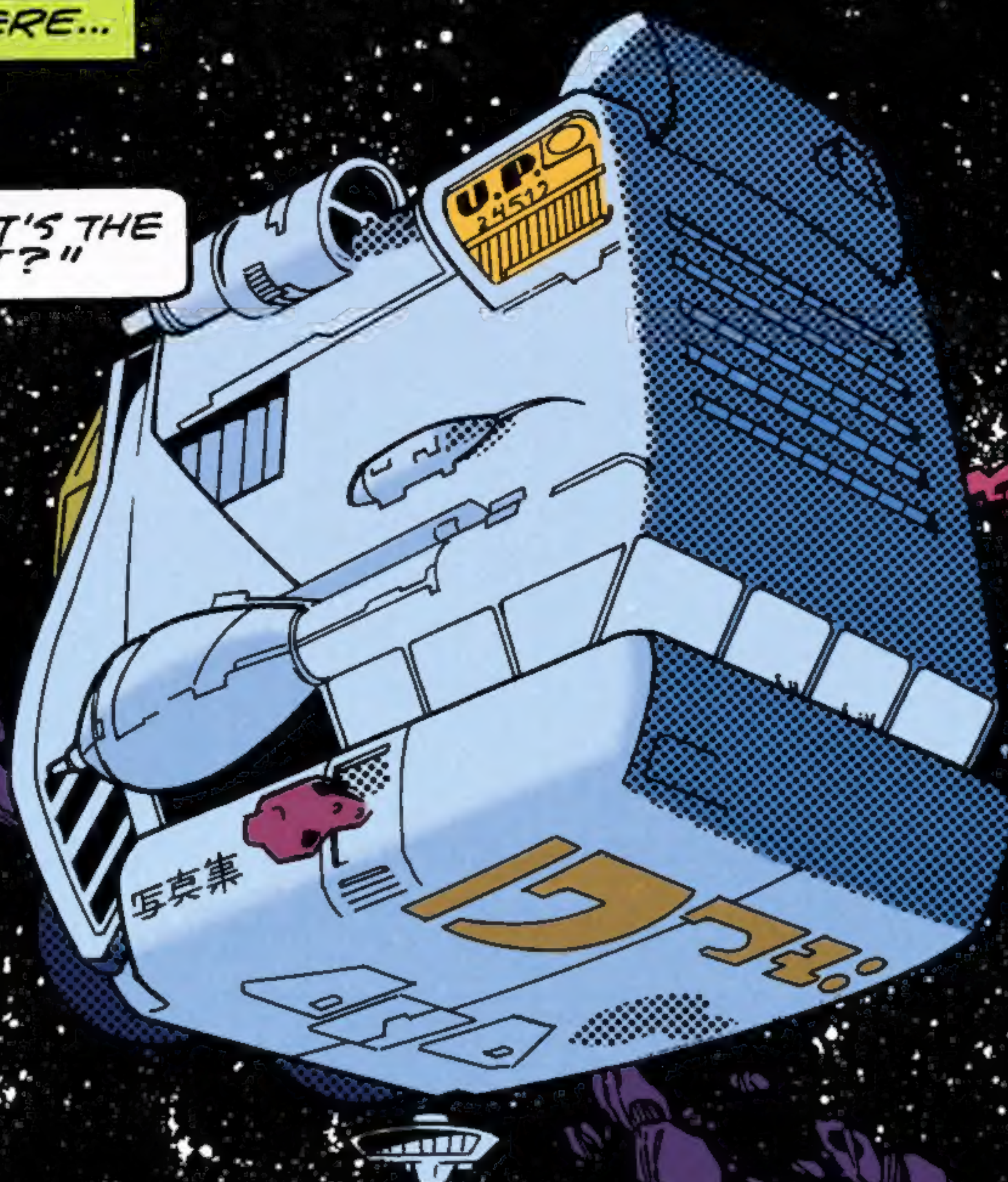
...GOD...

...We can NOT allow
the suffering of OTHERS
to become OUR undoing...

...GOD... SPARE US FROM
THE MEMORIES...

ELSEWHERE...

"WHAT'S THE POINT?"



... I MEAN, WE SCRATCH AND WE CLAW AND WE PUT OUR LIVES ON THE LINE AND WHAT HAPPENS?



TWO BILLION PEOPLE DIE.

WHY DO WE EVEN WASTE OUR TIME?

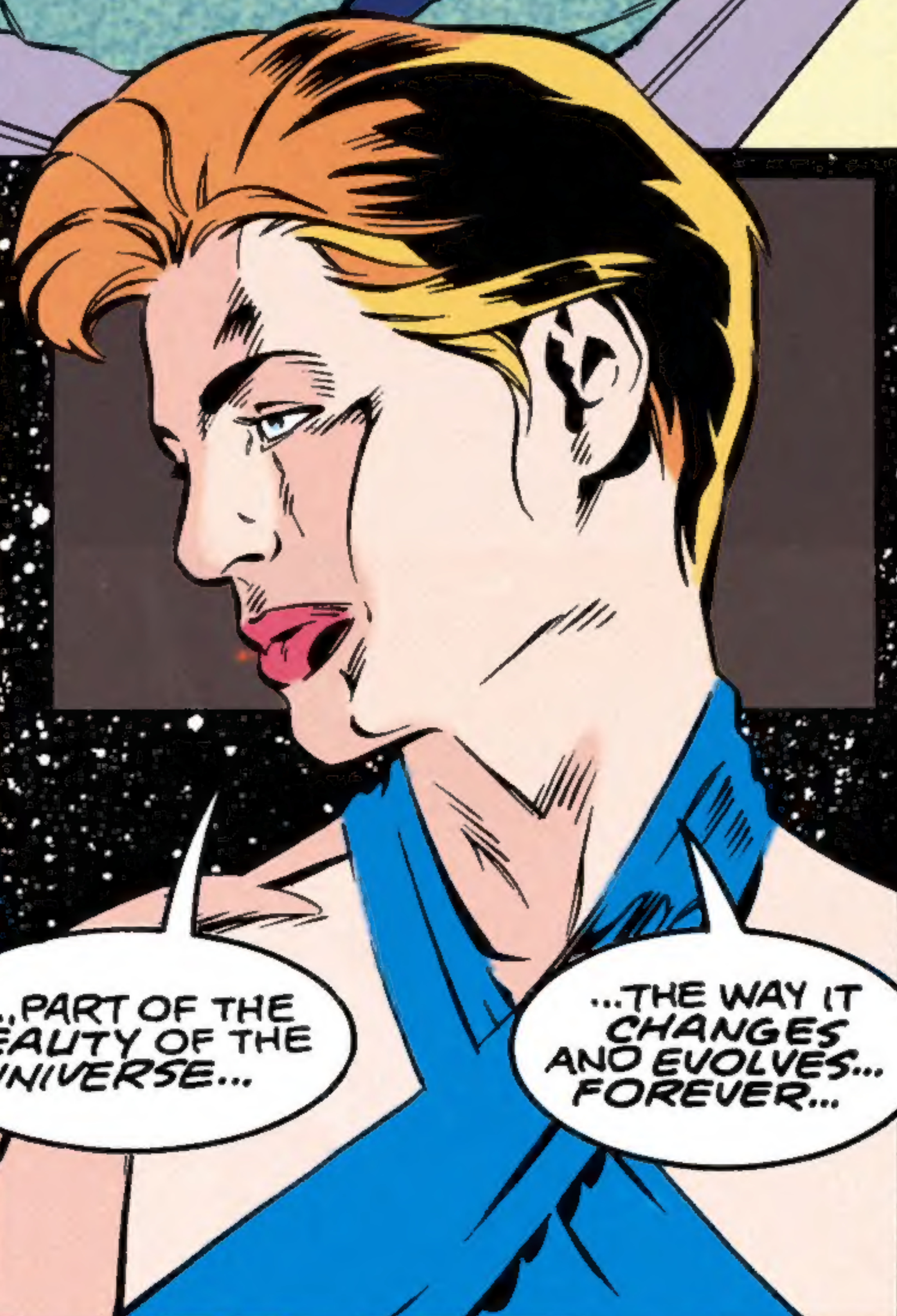
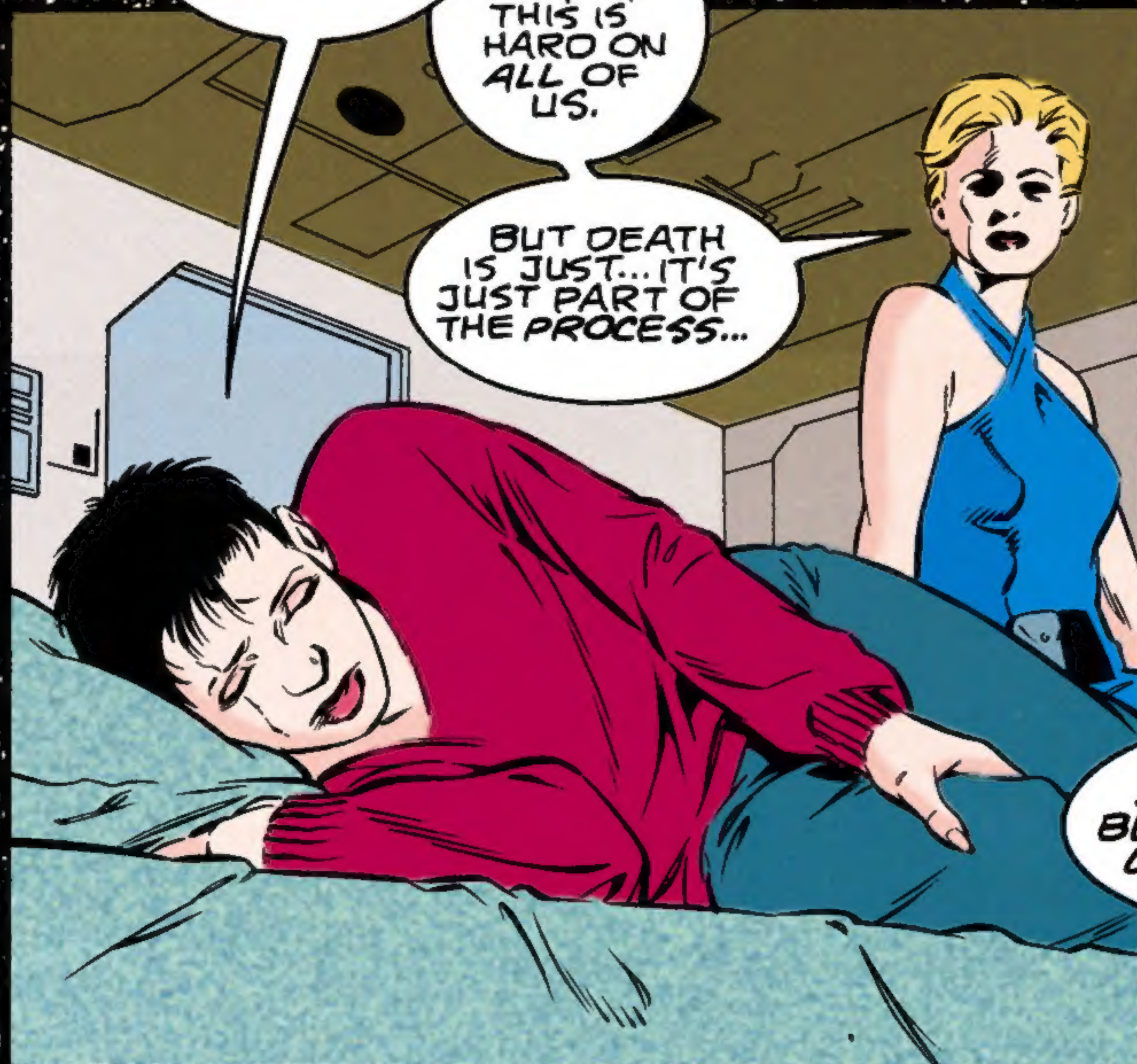
WE'RE NOT WASTING OUR TIME, VI! WE SAVED MOST OF EARTH'S POPULATION, THINK OF THOSE PEOPLE-- THE ONES WHO WOULDN'T BE ALIVE TODAY IF WE HADN'T BEEN THERE.

THE SURVIVORS? HOW CAN I THINK ABOUT THEM?

THEIR FACES AREN'T THE ONES I KEEP SEEING IN MY DREAMS.

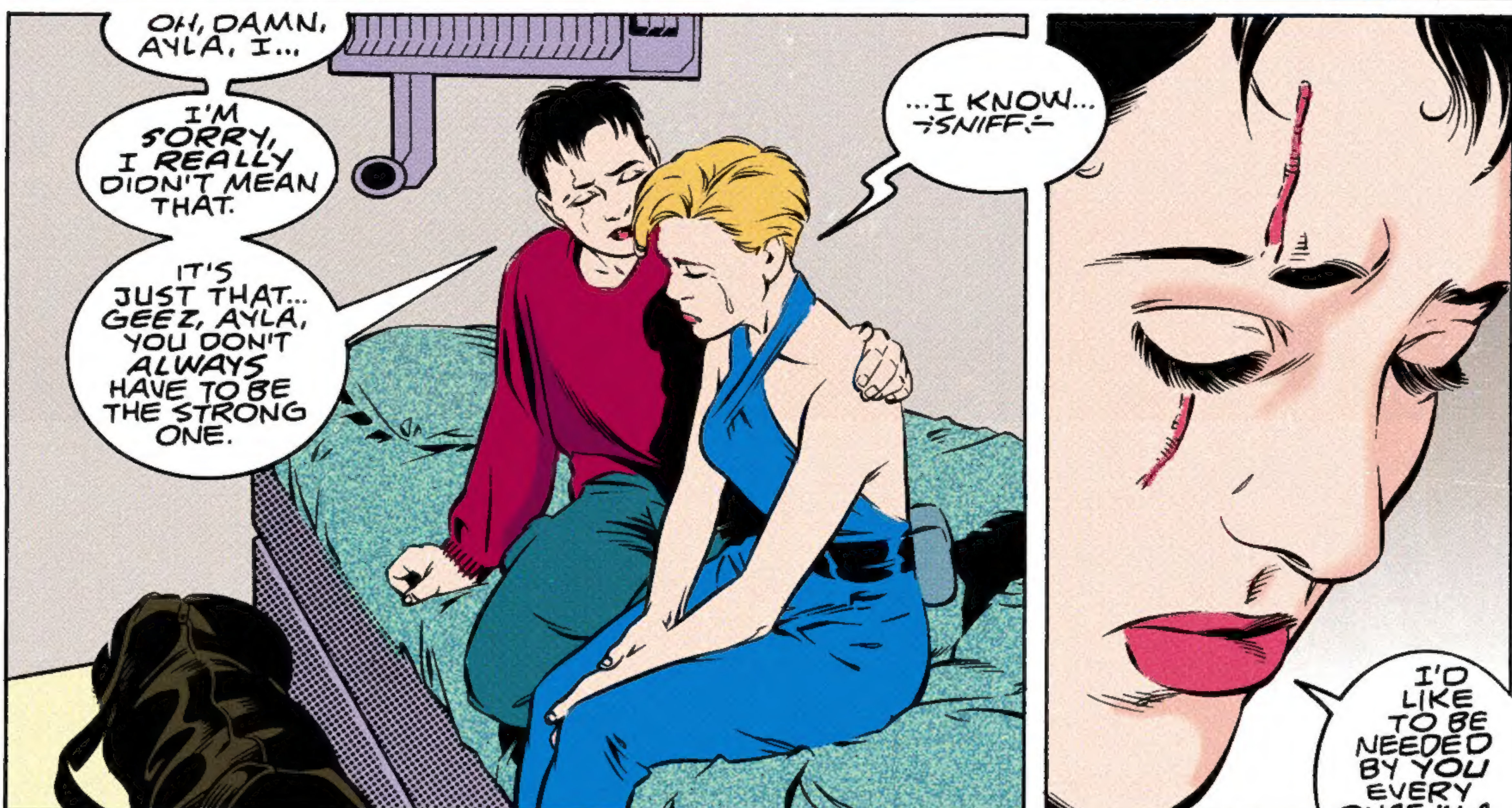
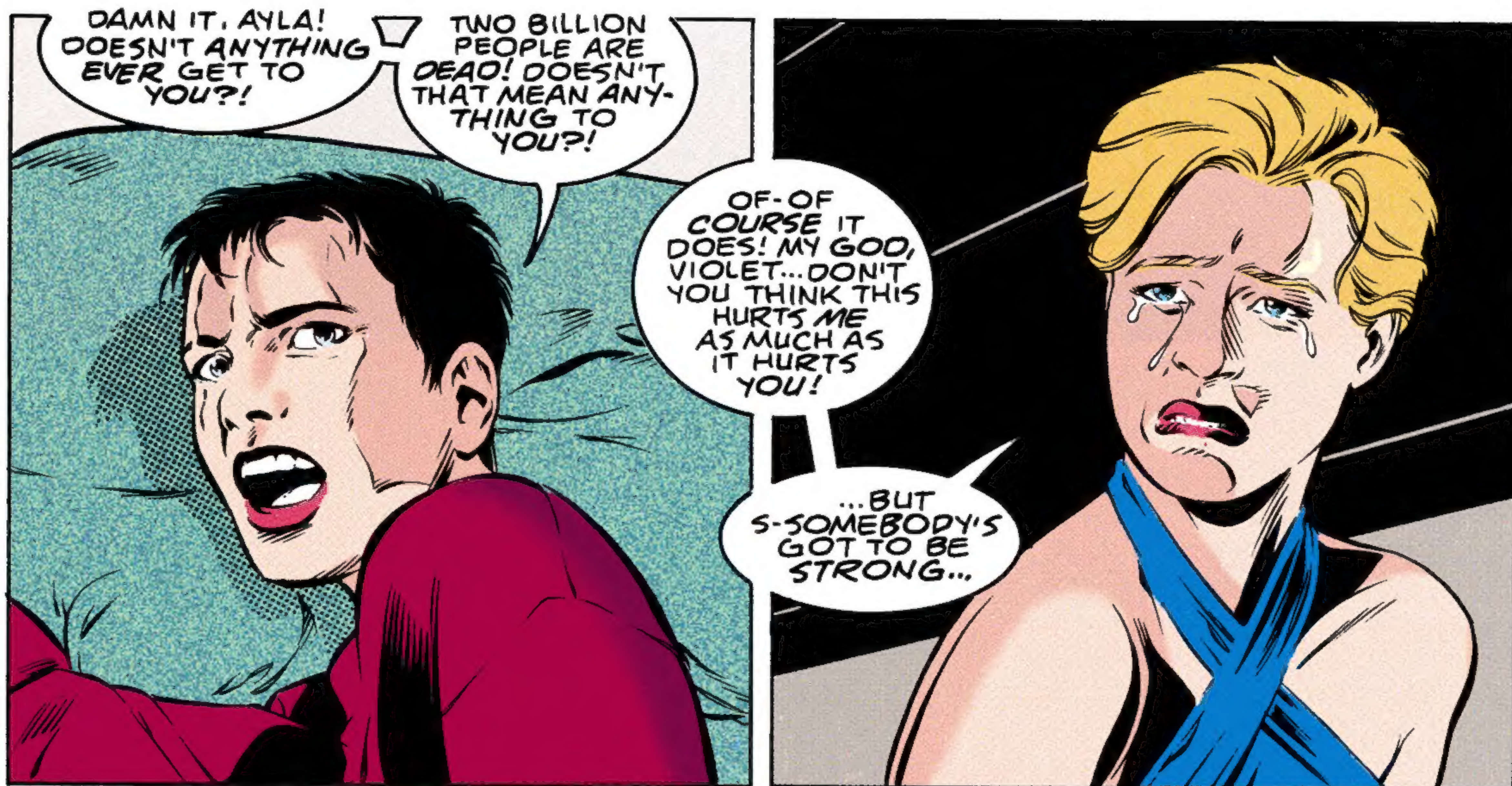
COME ON, VI, THIS IS HARD ON ALL OF US.

BUT DEATH IS JUST... IT'S JUST PART OF THE PROCESS...

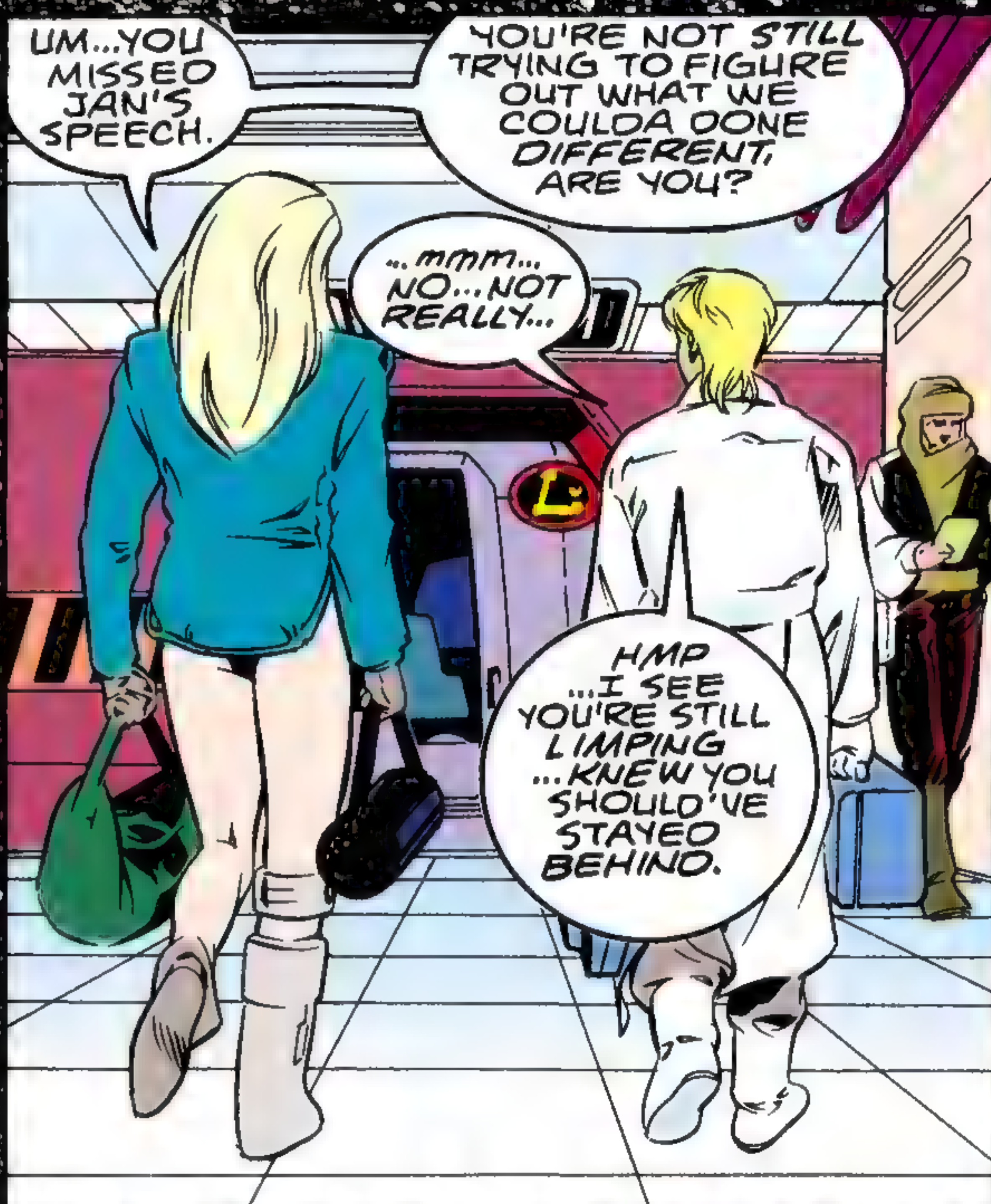
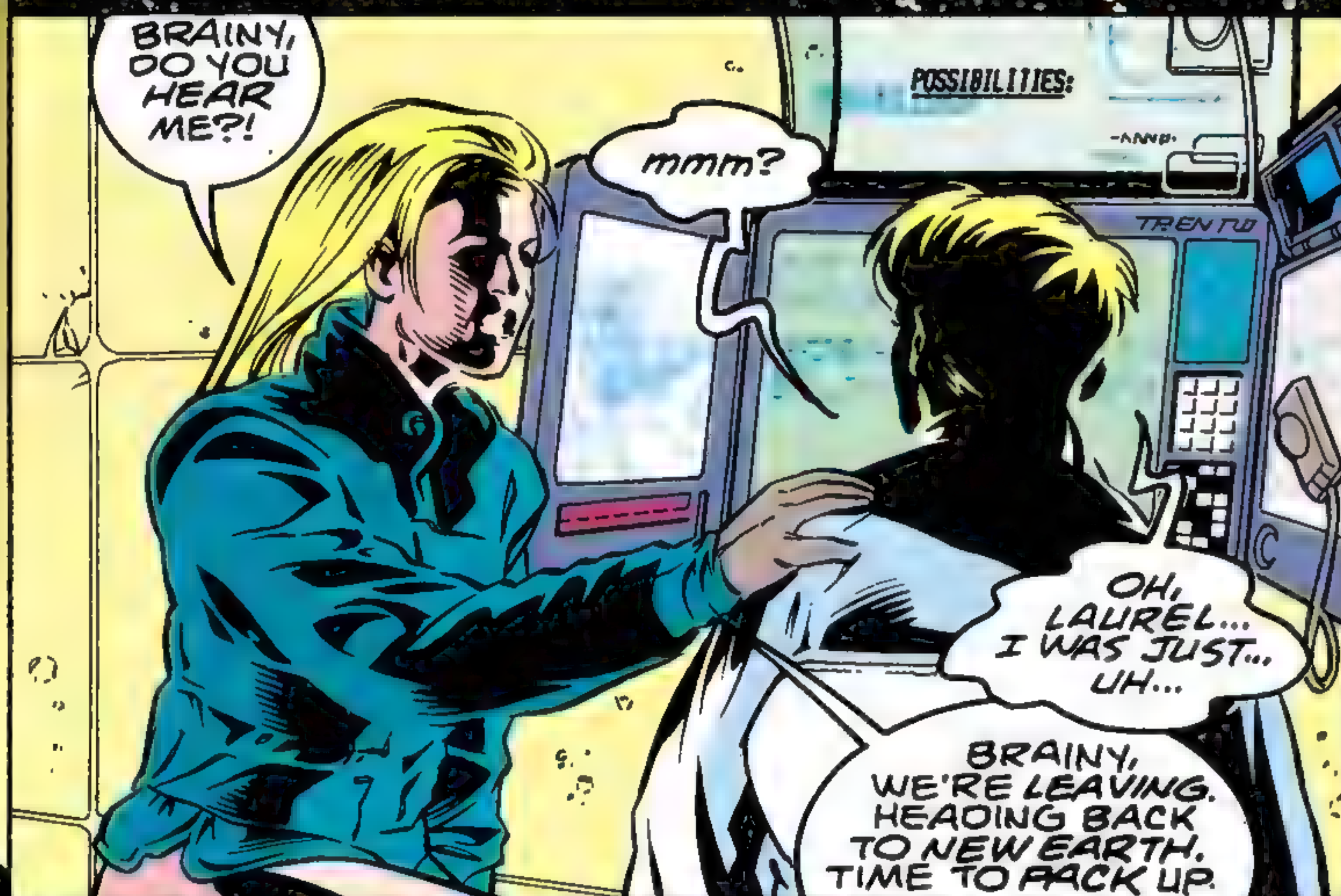


...PART OF THE BEAUTY OF THE UNIVERSE...

...THE WAY IT CHANGES AND EVOLVES... FOREVER...





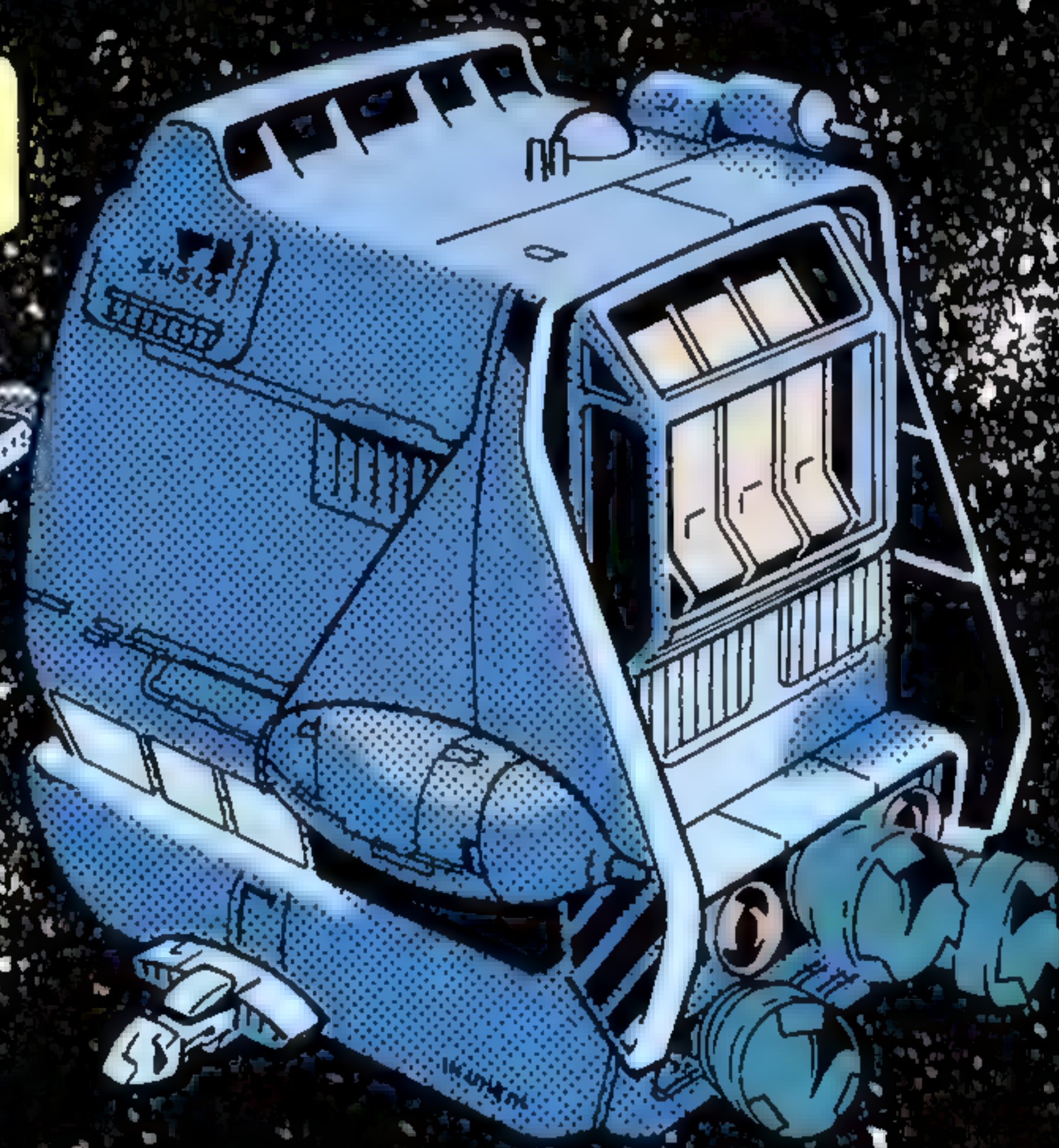


"I JUST... I MEAN, CAN'T WE JUST BE FRIENDS, LAUREL?"

"FRIENDS."

"FRIENDS?"

"YOU KNOW... JUST LET THE PAST BE THE PAST."



"...Y'KNOW, BRAINY, I KINDA LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT."

4.3 LIGHT-YEARS AWAY...

"LOOK AT THAT!"

"ETERNAL MISTRESS,
IT'S HUGE!"

"THEY'RE FIGURING
ON HOUSING MAYBE
FIFTY MILLION
PEOPLE HERE.

EMPTY EXCEPT
FOR A SKELETON
CREW AND A FEW
STOWAWAYS.

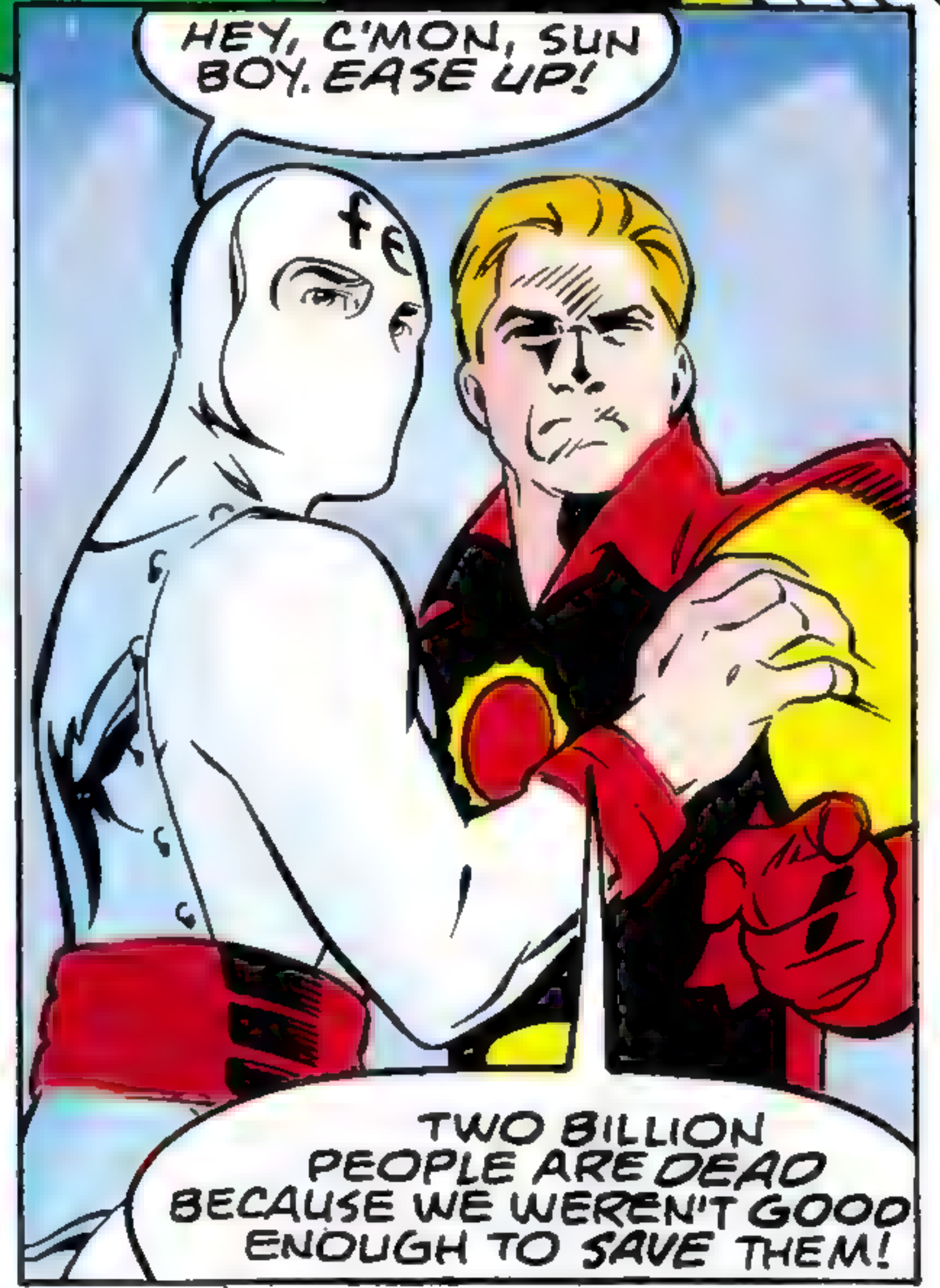
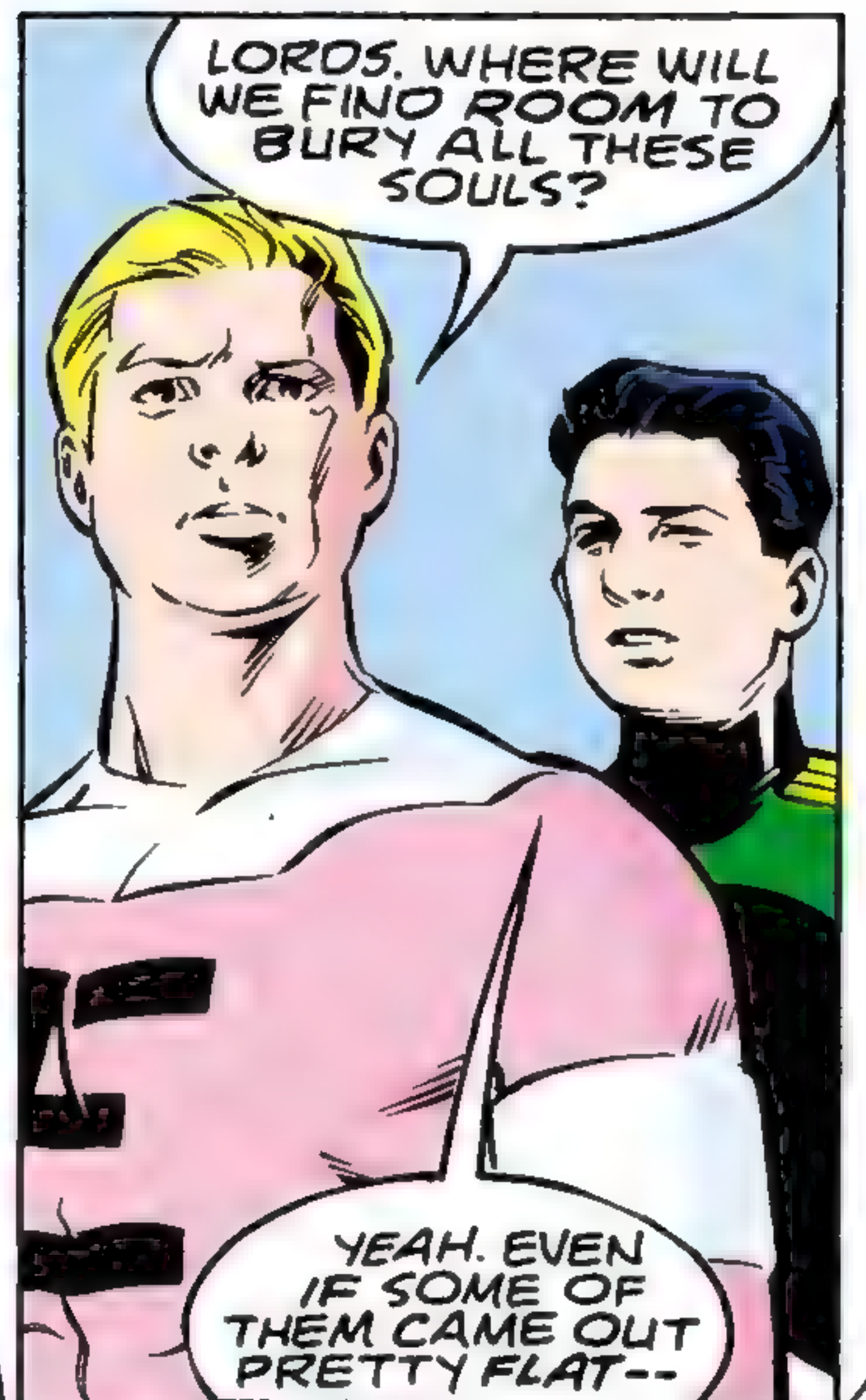
"BUT FOR NOW,
THE PLACE IS
VIRTUALLY
EMPTY."

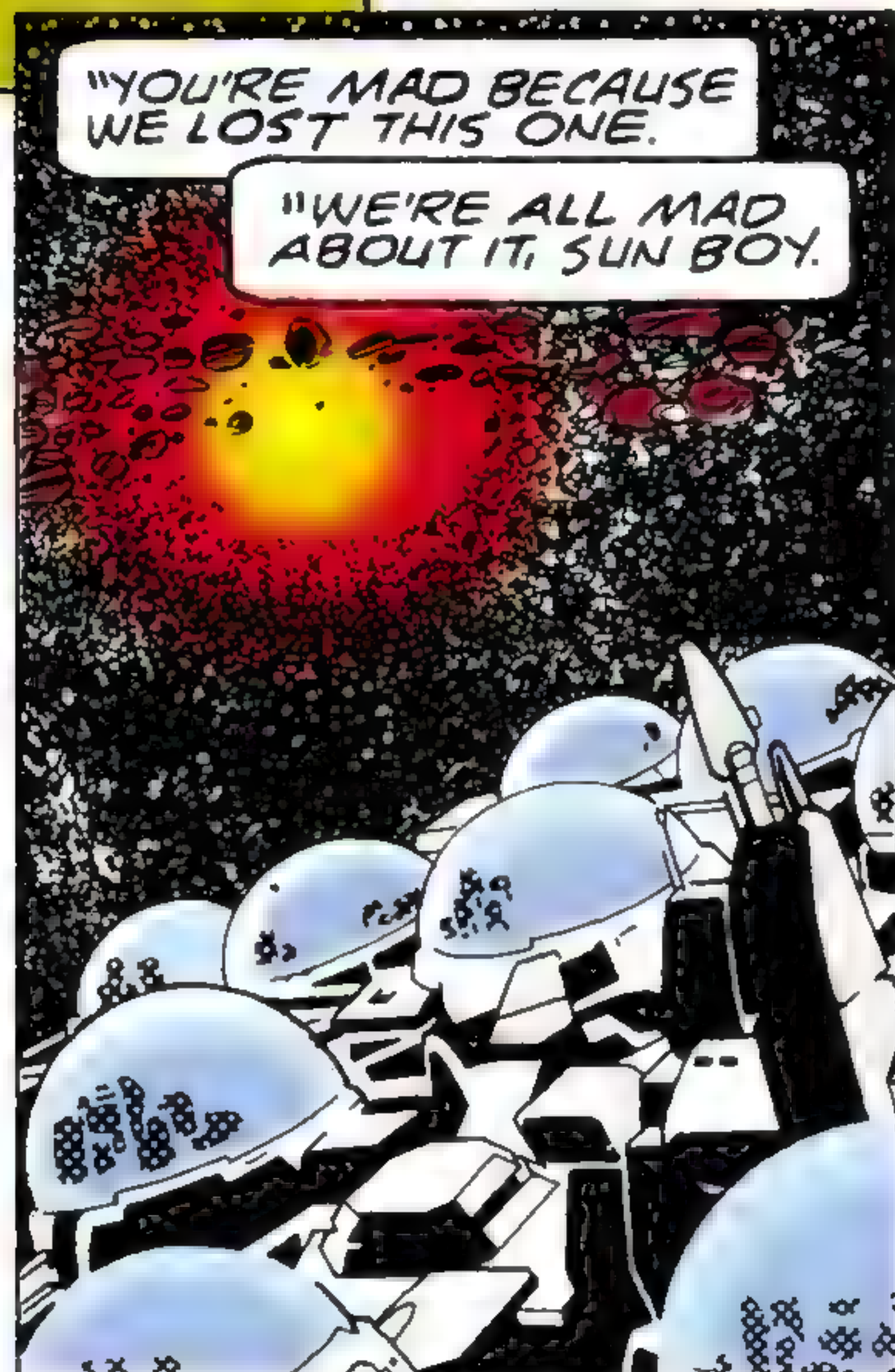
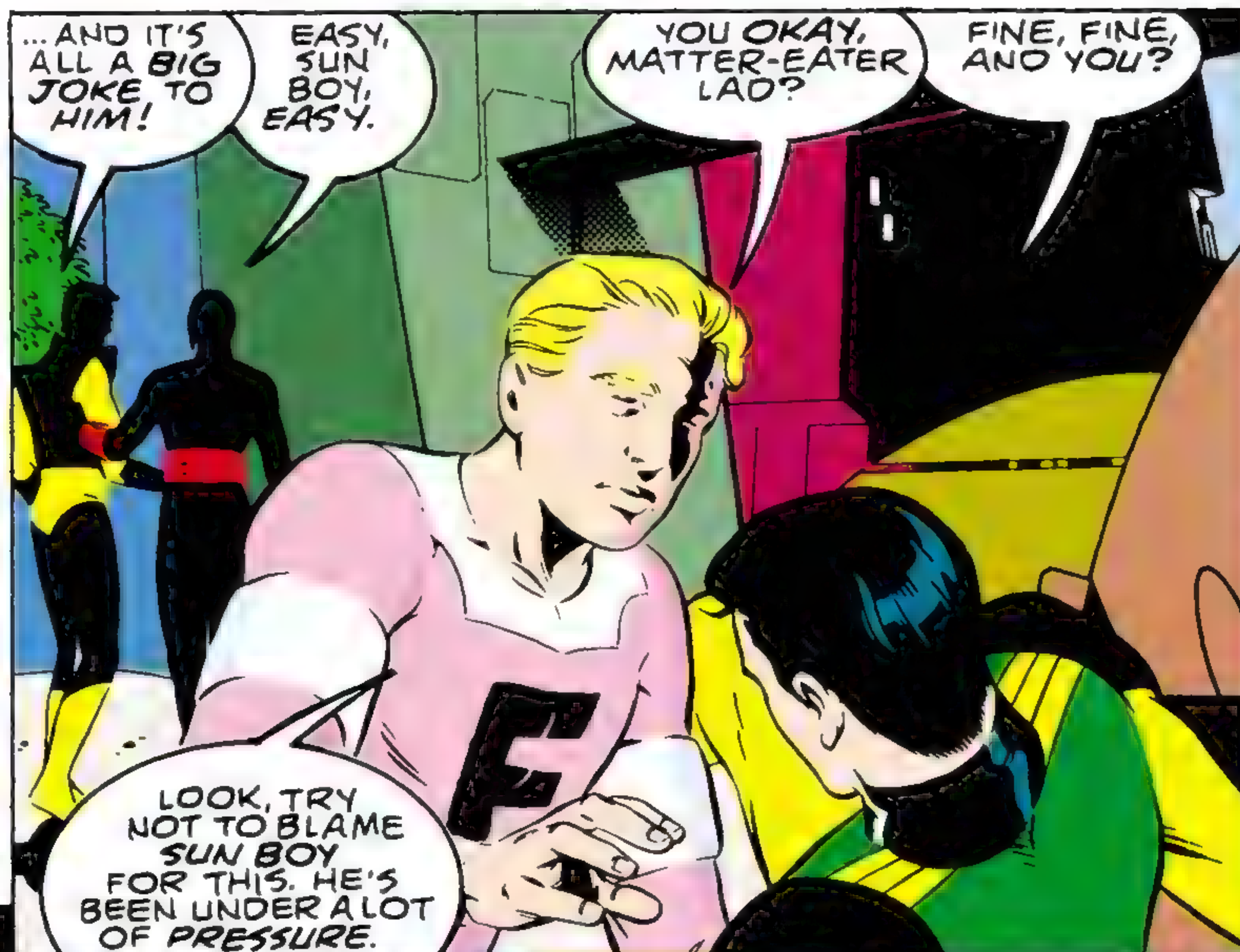
...AND
US.


"...EVEN
THE ADULT
LEGION
WON'T BE
ARRIVING FOR
HOURS.

HMM. SEEMS
TO HAVE BEEN
LITTLE SETTLING OF
CONTENTS DURING
SHIPPING.

RIGHT,
SO LET'S BE
CAREFUL.
ALL THE CITIES
REALLY TOOK A
BEATING WHEN
THEY LIFTED OFF.
WE'RE GONNA
FIND LOTS OF
STRUCTURAL
PROBLEMS.








AND SO THE EARTH
IS NO MORE.

AH, WELL.

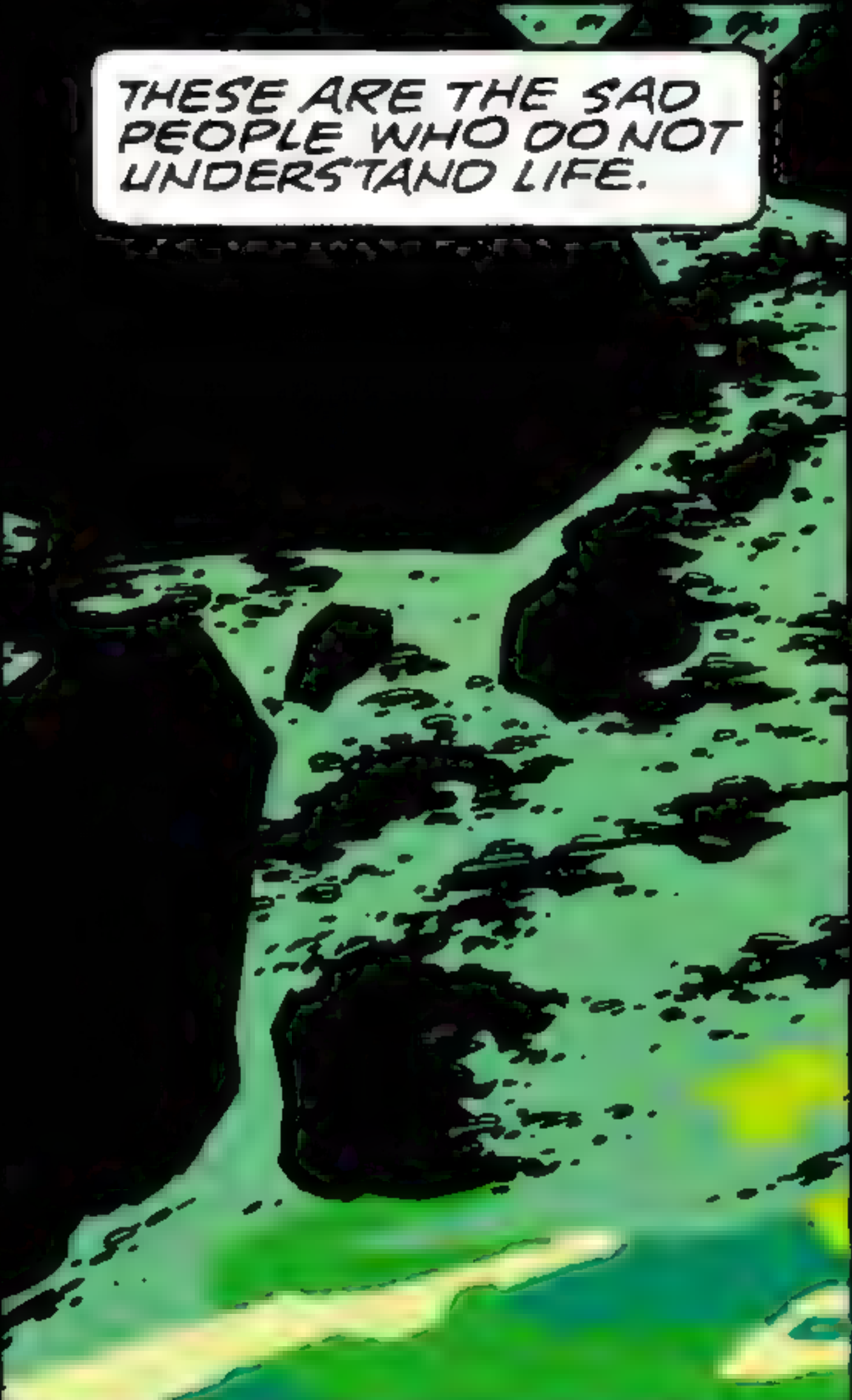


I SUPPOSE SOMEWHERE
SOMEONE IS MOURNING.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOME-
BODY WHO BEMOANS
THE DEATH OF THE
WEAK, THE DEMISE OF
THE ORDINARY.



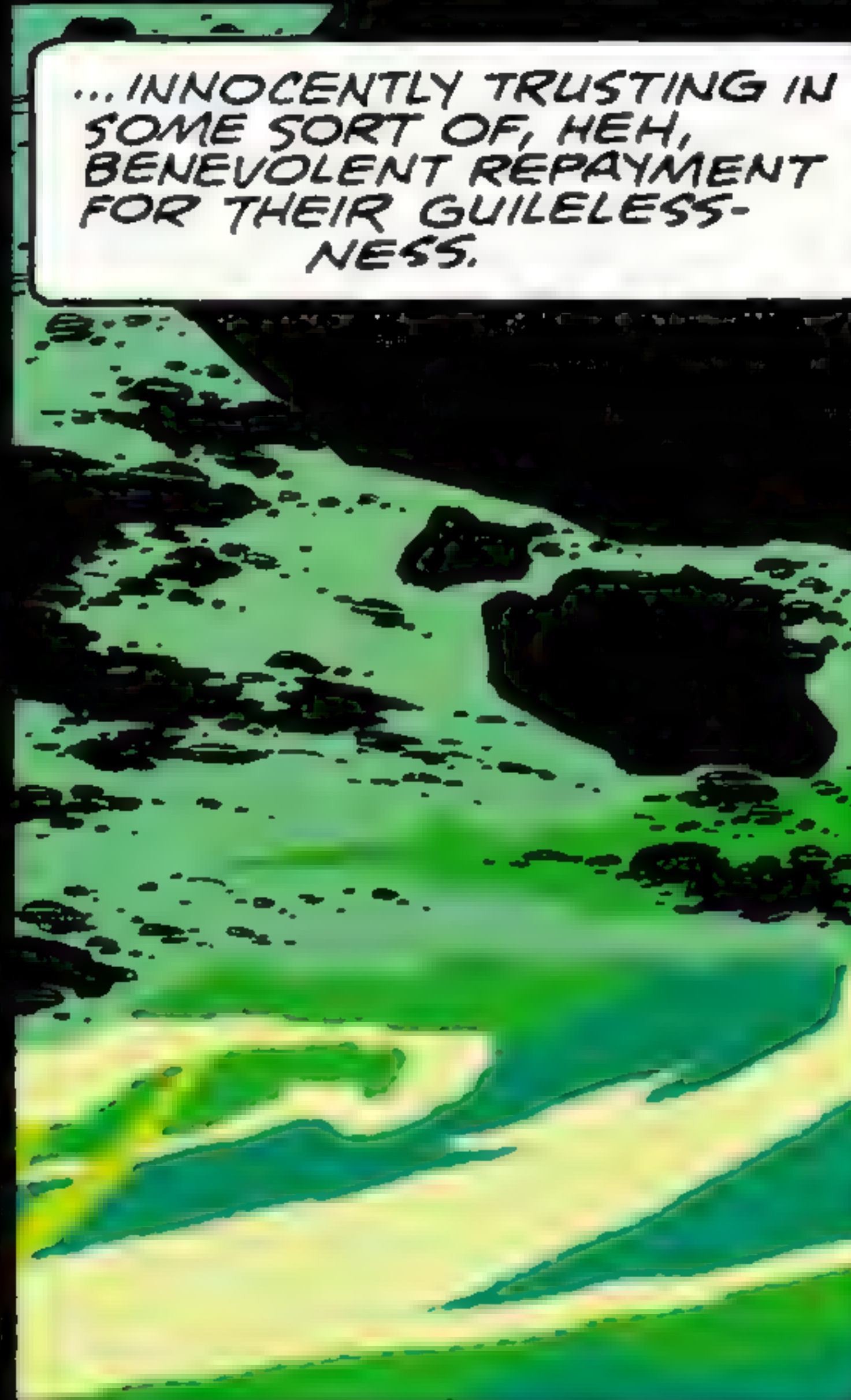
SOMEONE WHO CAN'T
SEE BEAUTY IN THE
DANCE OF THE
SCAVENGERS... WHO
DENIES HIMSELF THE
DELIGHTFUL TASTE
OF CARRION.




THESE ARE THE SAD
PEOPLE WHO DO NOT
UNDERSTAND LIFE.




WHO THROW THEIR
LIVES AWAY ON SOME
SUPERSTITIOUS NOTION
OF THE COMMON
GOOD...




... INNOCENTLY TRUSTING IN
SOME SORT OF, HEH,
BENEVOLENT REPAYMENT
FOR THEIR GUILTESS-
NESS.



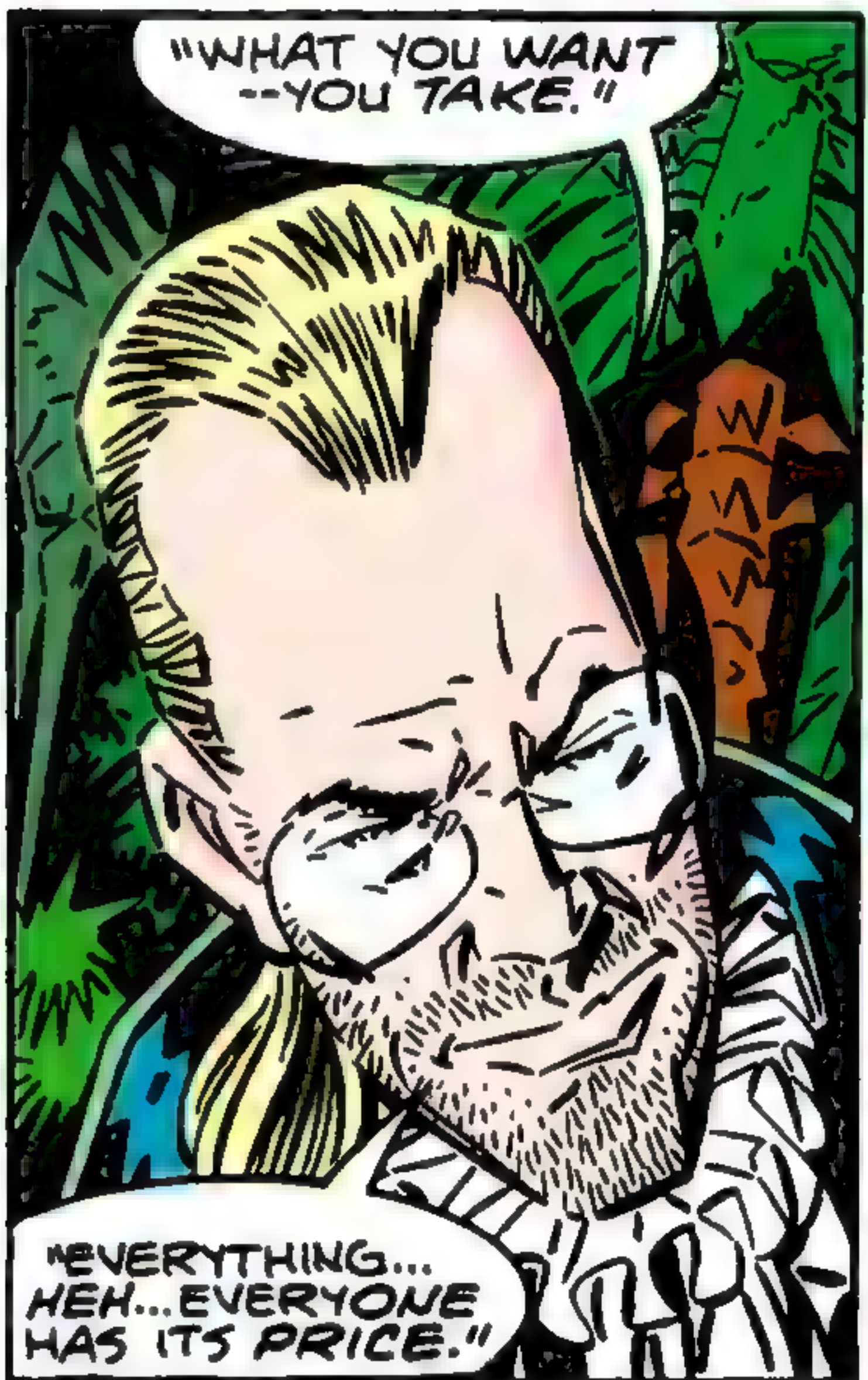
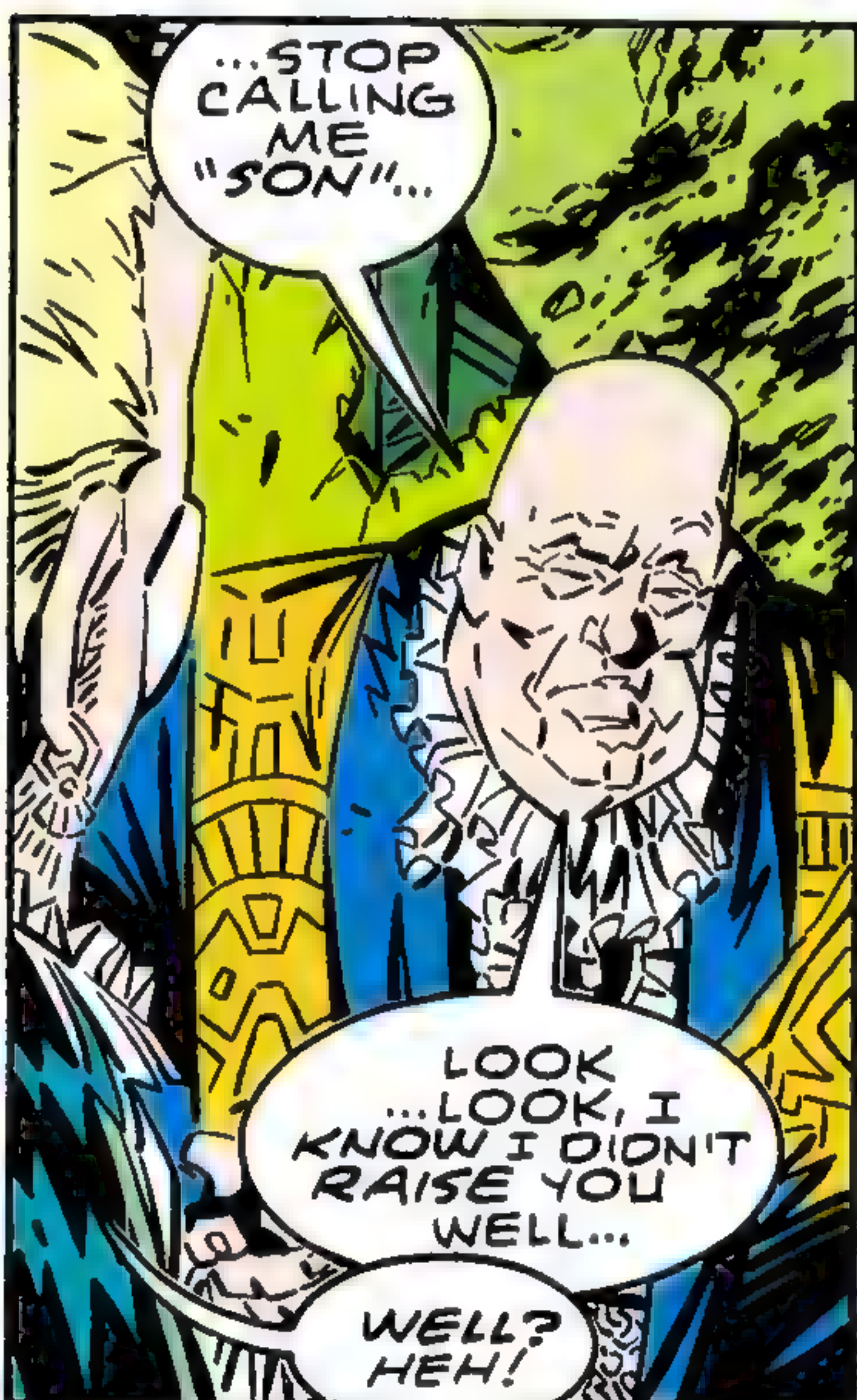
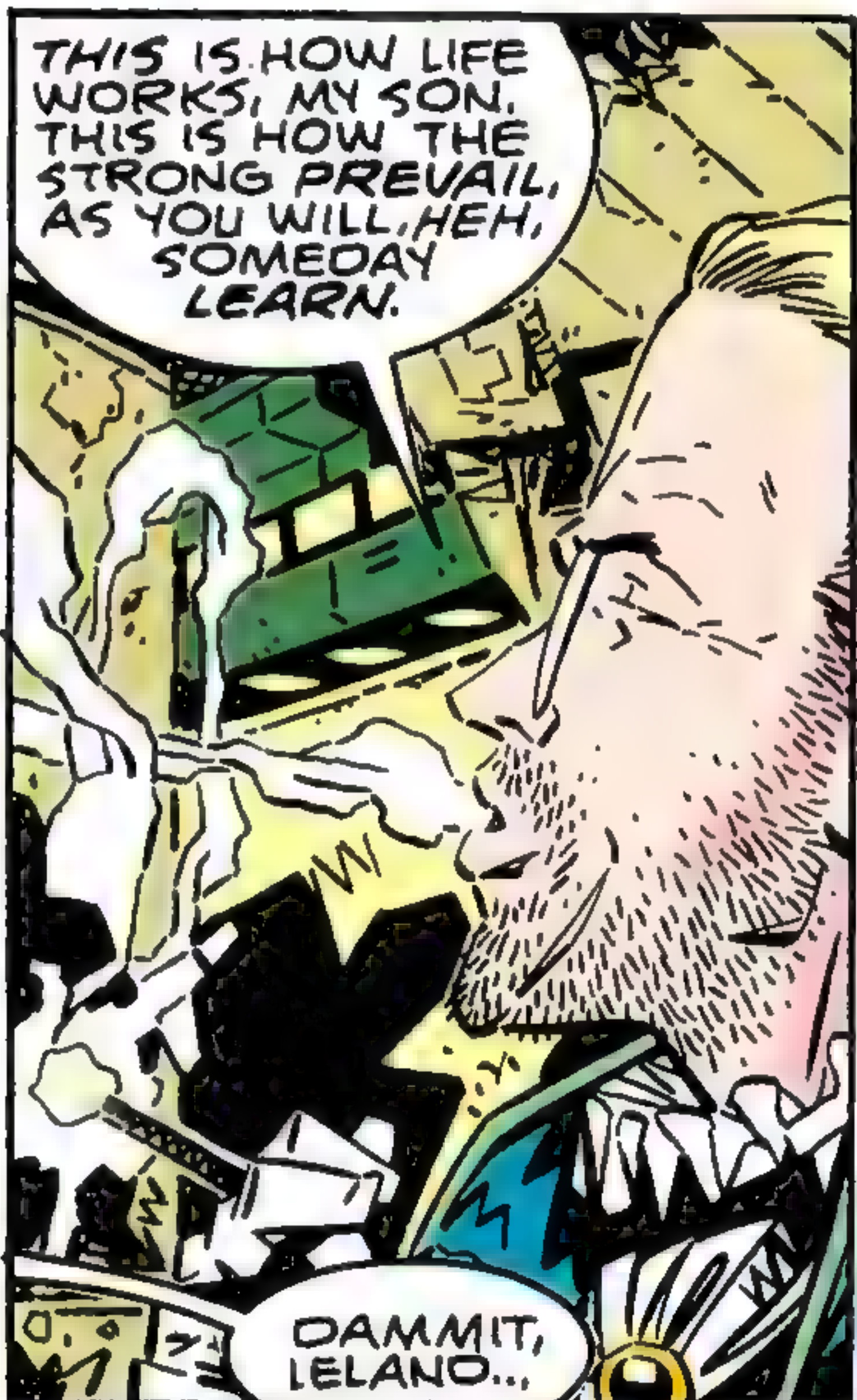
THESE ARE THE PEOPLE
WHO WILL THEMSELVES
TO BE ORDINARY AND
WEAK.



WHOSE CARCASSES WILL
BE DEVoured BY THOSE
WHO BETTER UNDER-
STAND LIFE.



WHICH IS, HEH, PROBABLY
AS IT SHOULD BE.

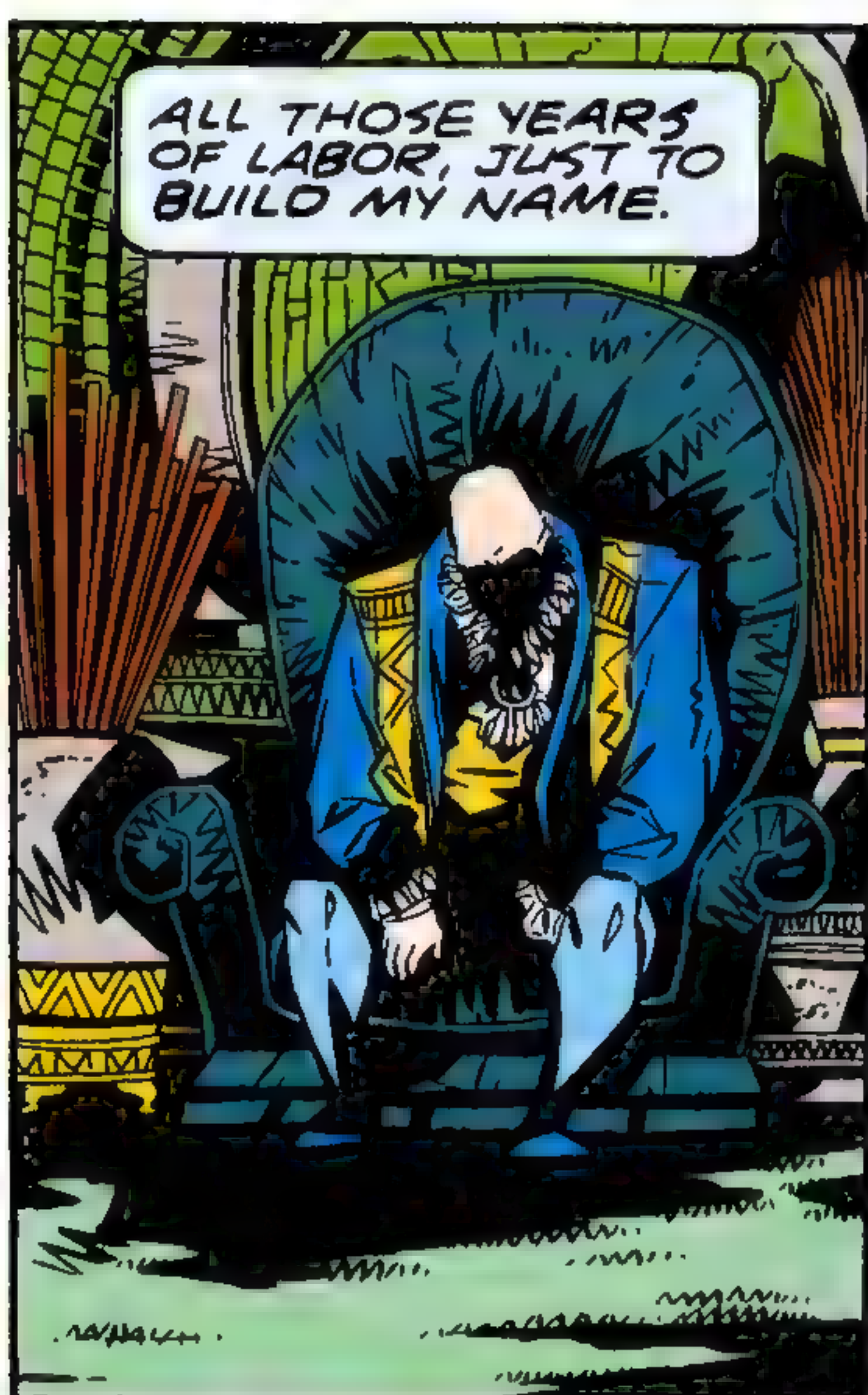






GOD.

ALL THAT
WORK...

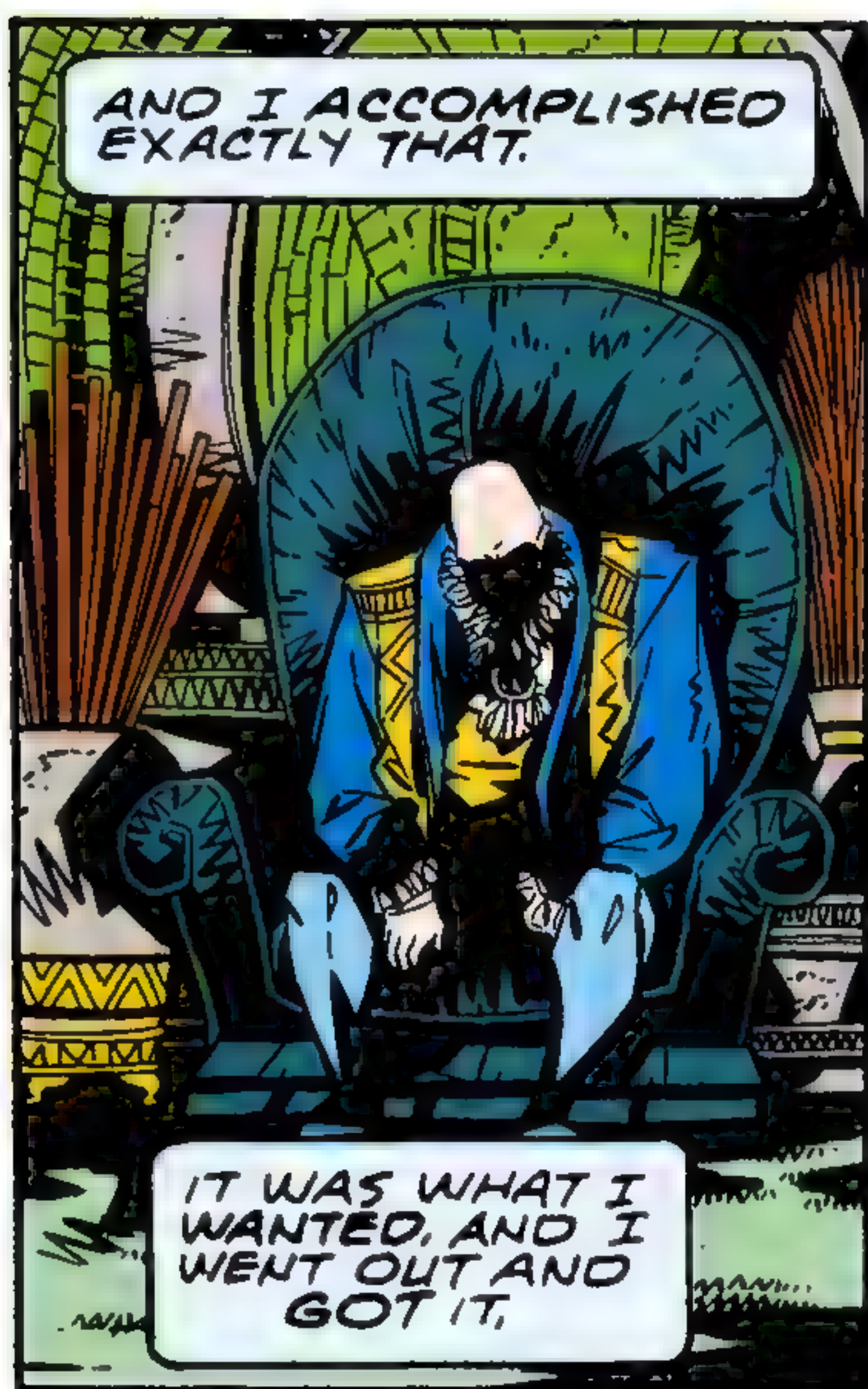


ALL THOSE YEARS
OF LABOR, JUST TO
BUILD MY NAME.



I CAN REMEMBER
DREAMING OF THE DAY
"LELAND McCAULEY III"
WOULD BE THE PROUDEST,
MOST INFLUENTIAL, MOST
FEARED NAME IN THE
GALAXY.

BIGGER, EVEN, THAN
"R. J. BRANDE."



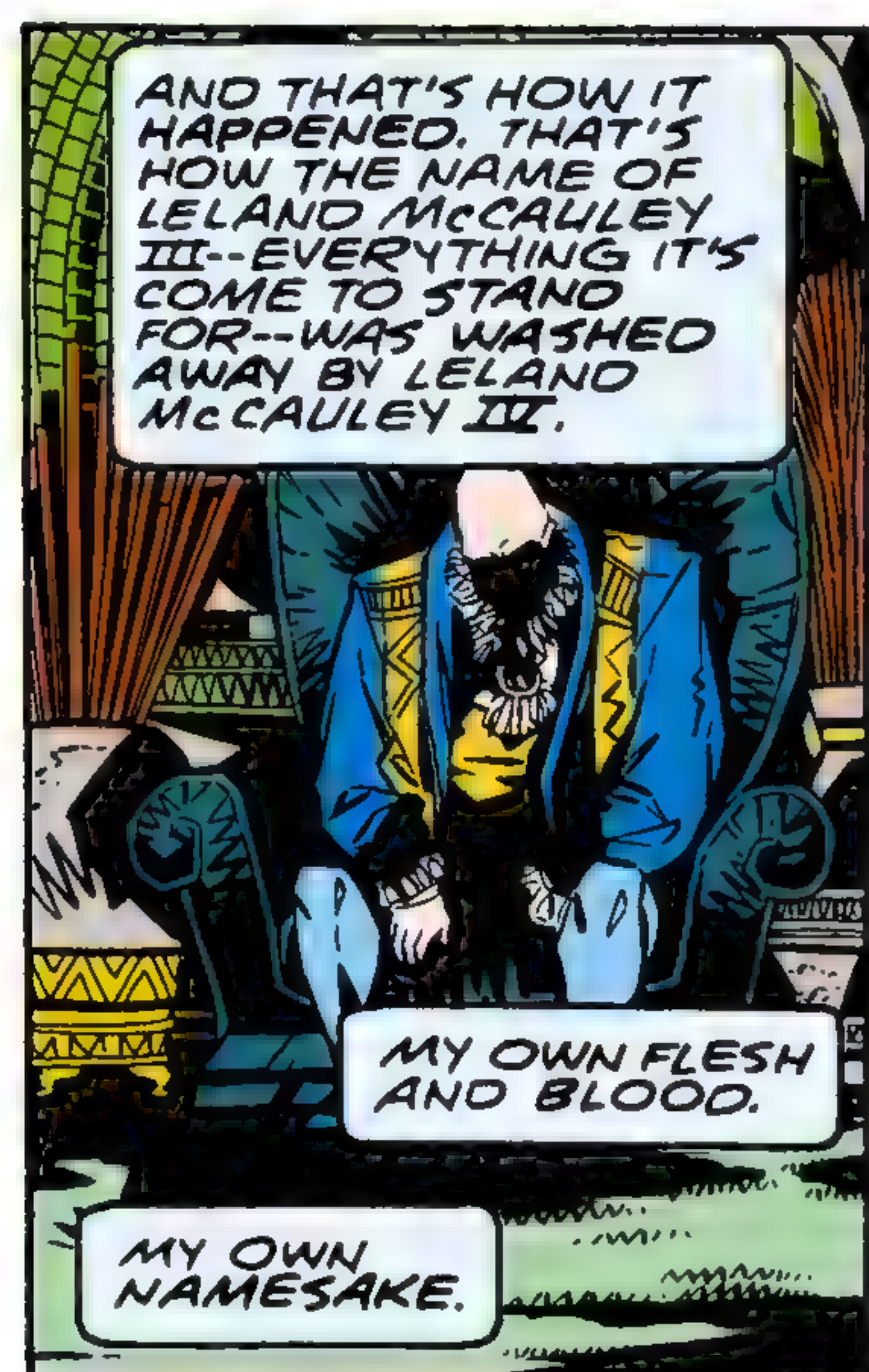
AND I ACCOMPLISHED
EXACTLY THAT.

IT WAS WHAT I
WANTED, AND I
WENT OUT AND
GOT IT.



BUT LORD, DO THESE
THINGS COME WITH
A PRICE!

YOU CAN'T BUILD A NAME
WITHOUT NEGLECTING A
FEW THINGS... SETTING
SOME PRIORITIES. A FEW
SECRET LITTLE FAMILIES'
DISEASES GOT OUT OF
HAND.



AND THAT'S HOW IT
HAPPENED. THAT'S
HOW THE NAME OF
LELAND McCAULEY
III--EVERYTHING IT'S
COME TO STAND
FOR--WAS WASHED
AWAY BY LELAND
McCAULEY III.

MY OWN FLESH
AND BLOOD.

MY OWN
NAMESAKE.



WHICH NOW LEAVES ME
WITH ONLY ONE THING
TO DO--

--I'VE GOT TO
RETURN THE
FAVOR.



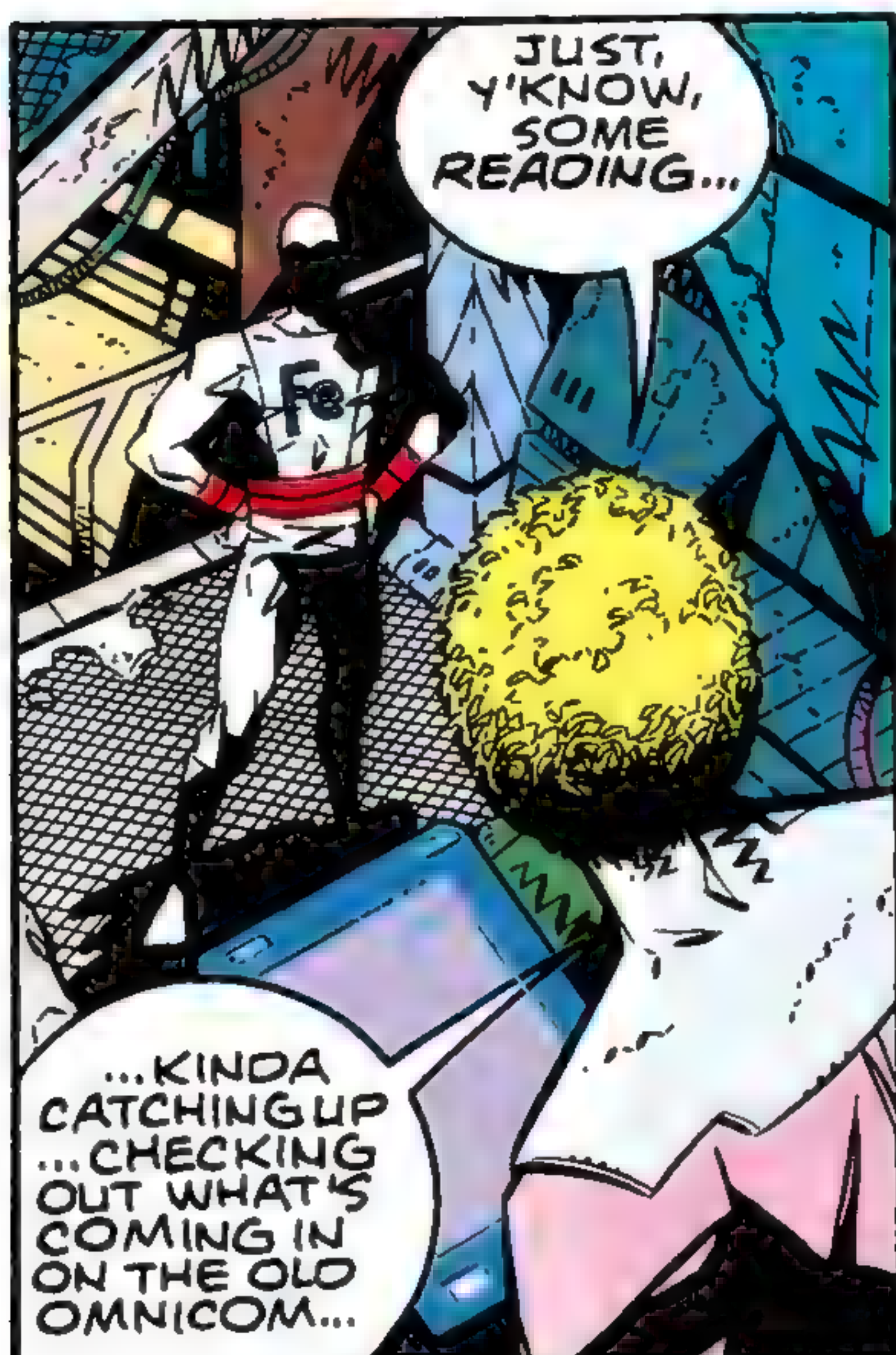
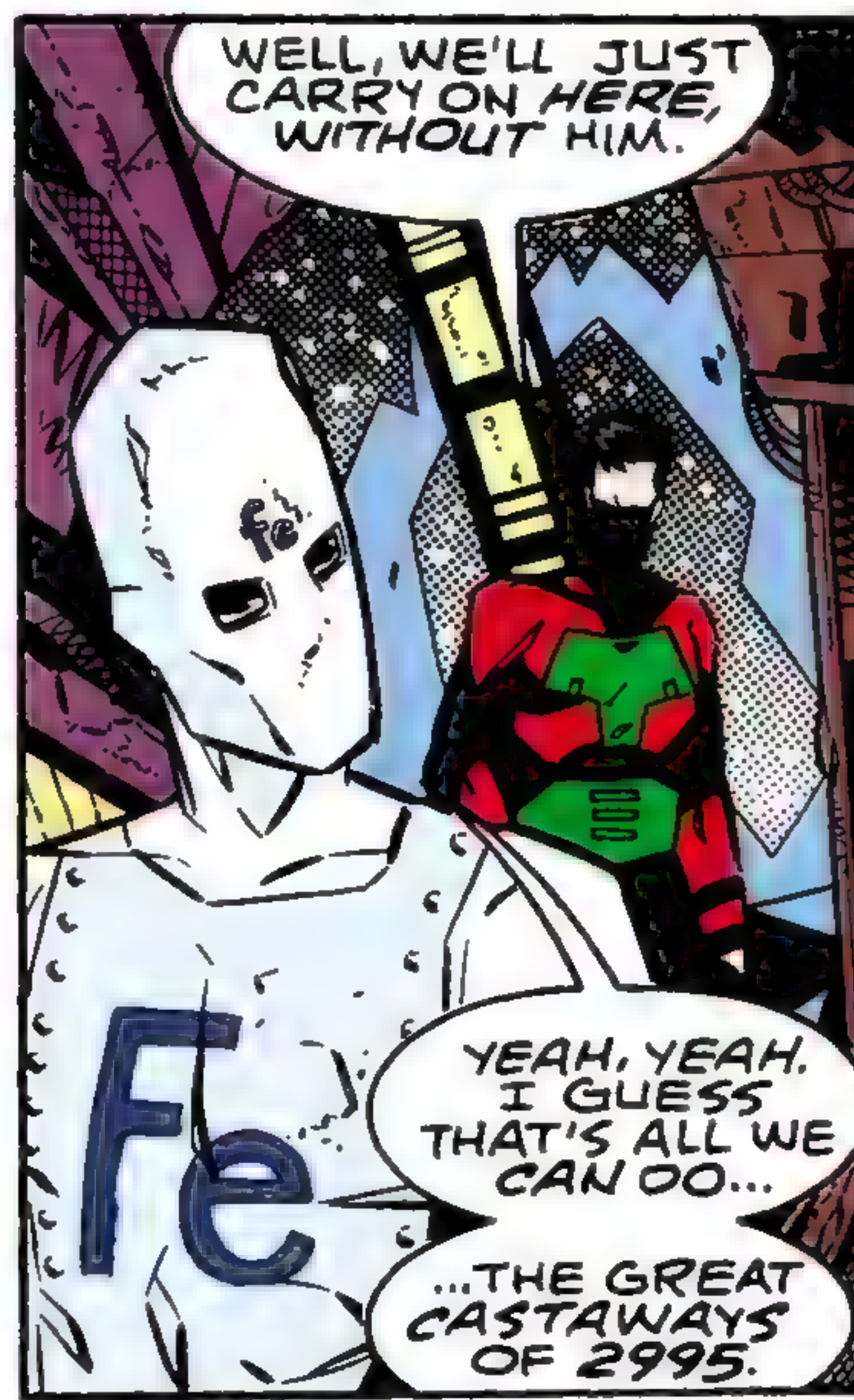
BUT THE SICK LITTLE
MONSTER'S GOT ME
TRAPPED...IMPRISONED...

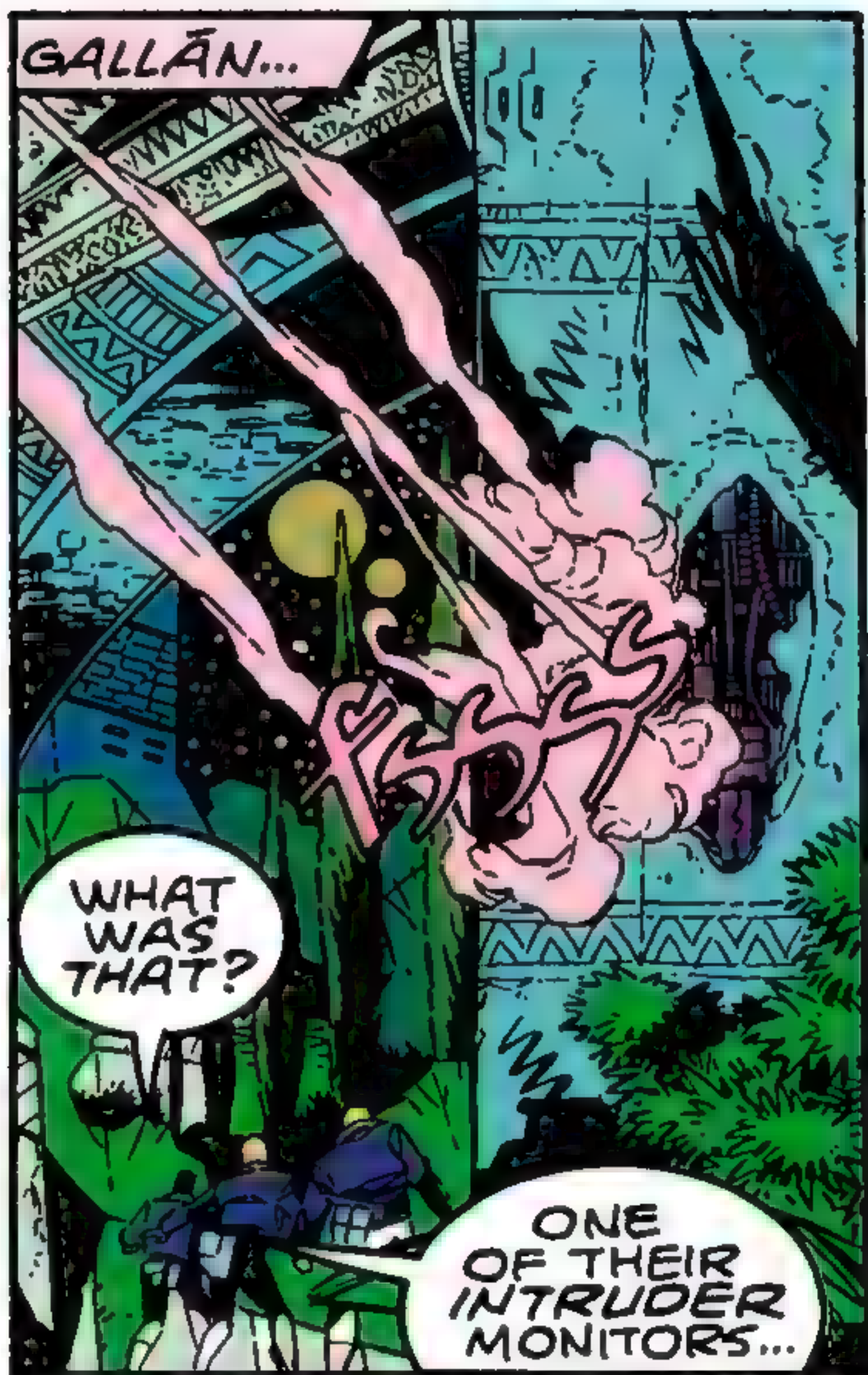
...PART OF HIS
BLASTED
COLLECTION.
SO HOW...?



HOLD ON, YOU
OLD FOOL!

YOU INVENTED
OMNICO TECH-
NOLOGY! IF YOU
CAN'T GET A
MESSAGE OUT
THROUGH HIS
SECURITY, NO-
BODY CAN!

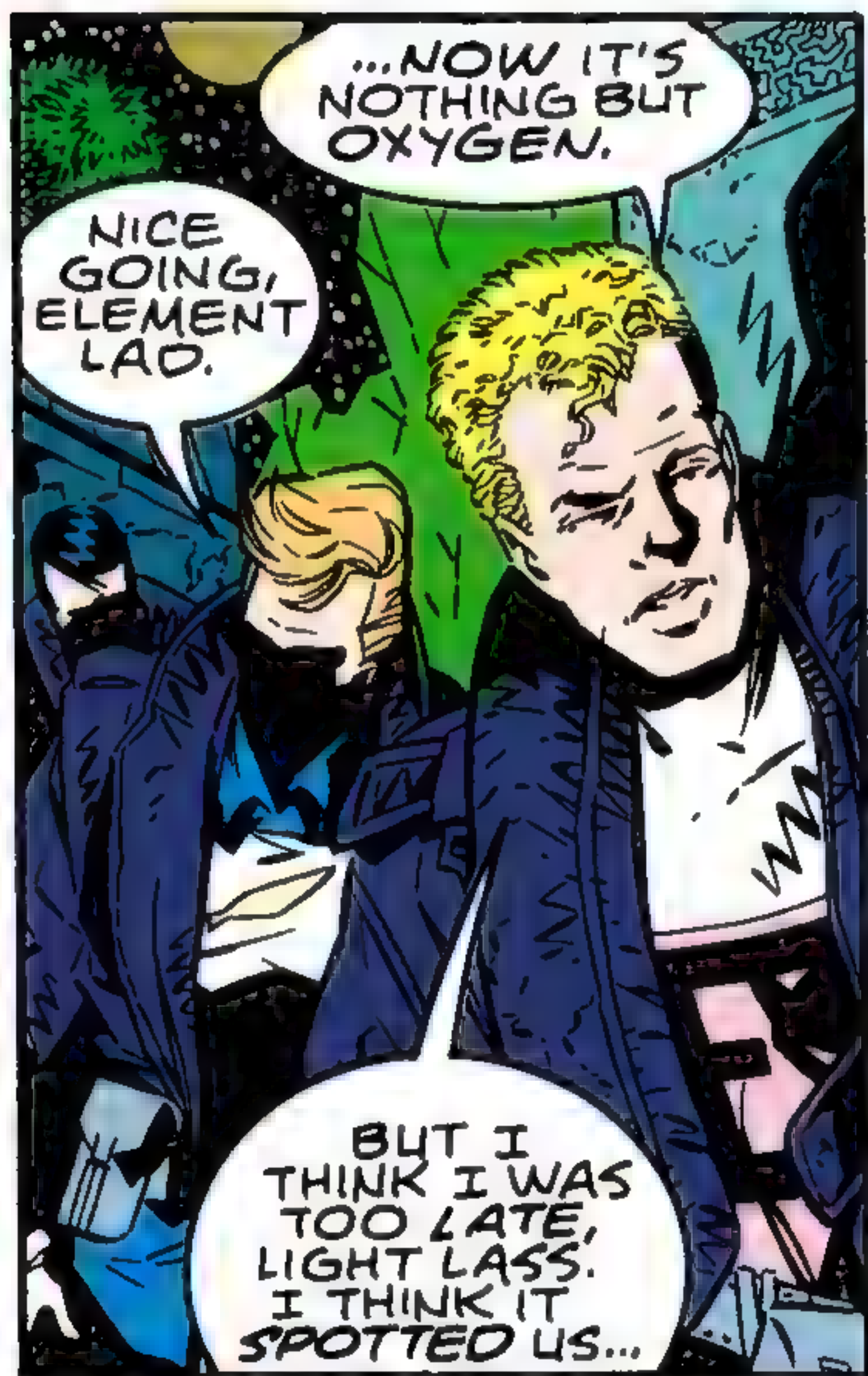




GALLAN...

WHAT WAS THAT?

ONE OF THEIR INTRUDER MONITORS...



NICE GOING, ELEMENT LAD.

...NOW IT'S NOTHING BUT OXYGEN.

BUT I THINK I WAS TOO LATE, LIGHT LASS. I THINK IT SPOTTED US...



THEN WE BETTER GET IT IN GEAR.

MCCAULEY'S SUPPOSED TO BE REALLY OFF THE DEEP END ABOUT SECURITY.



RIGHT! LET'S MOVE.

HERE IT IS!

THIS IS THE WING...



--GALAXIES! THAT THING IS ALIVE... HELD IN STASIS...

What kind of a SICK mind...



E-LAD! LOOK OUT!

HALT! DO NOT RESIST!

Tick-pa-pick

...let's see... oxygen?... hydrogen?...



DO NOT--

HOW ABOUT HELIUM...?



NICE, E-LAD! THAT'LL BUY US A MINUTE OR TWO...

...hmm... maybe this wing...



WHAT'VE YOU GOT, COSMIC BOY?

OVER HERE, GUYS!



IT'S THEM!
THE PROTEANS...

RIGHT. AND
HERE'S "CHAM
SENIOR"...

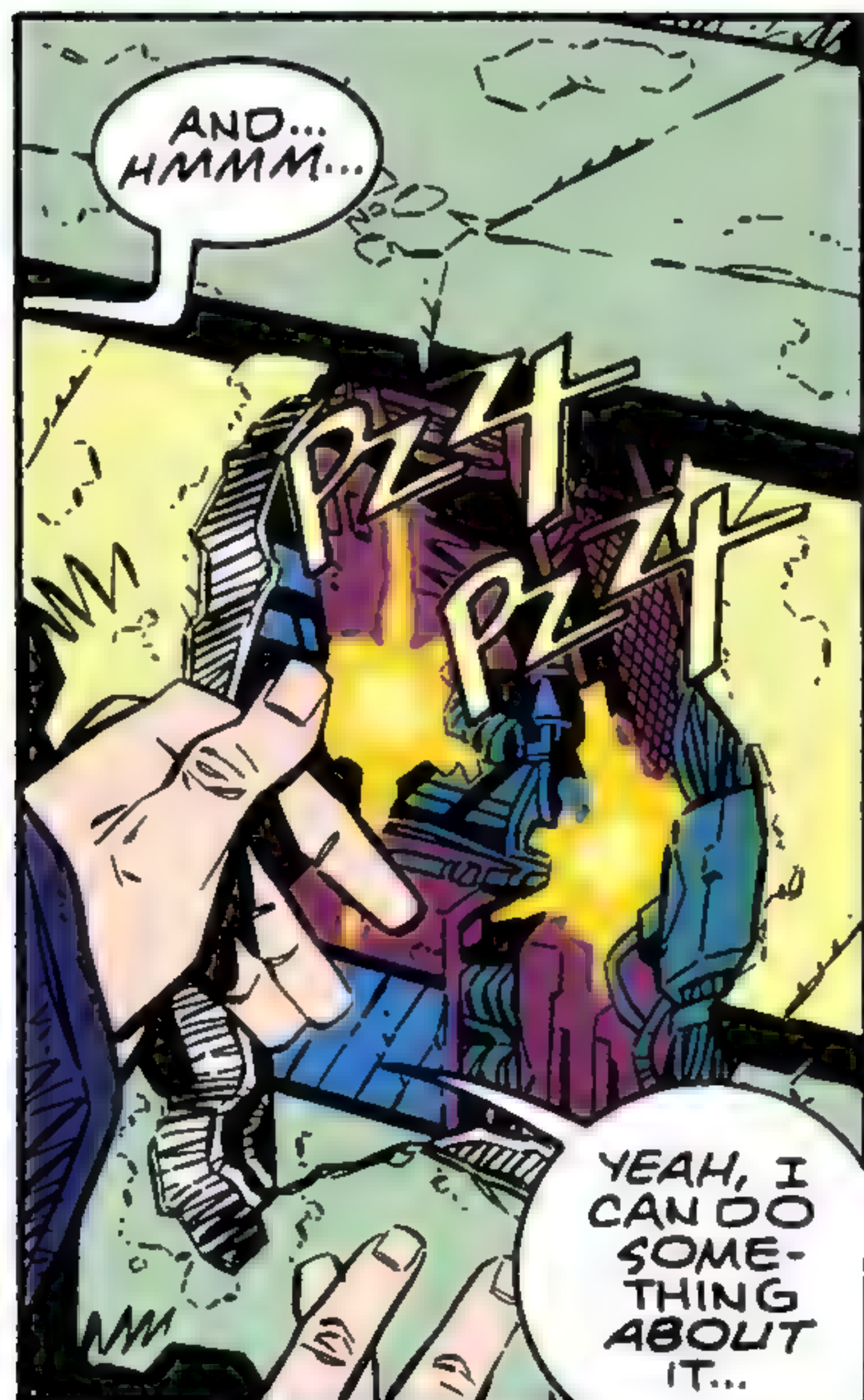


...HELD IN SOME
SORT OF STASIS
LIKE YOU
SAID.

HMMM.
THE SOULS
ONLY KNOW
WHAT COULD'VE
PUT HIM THERE.



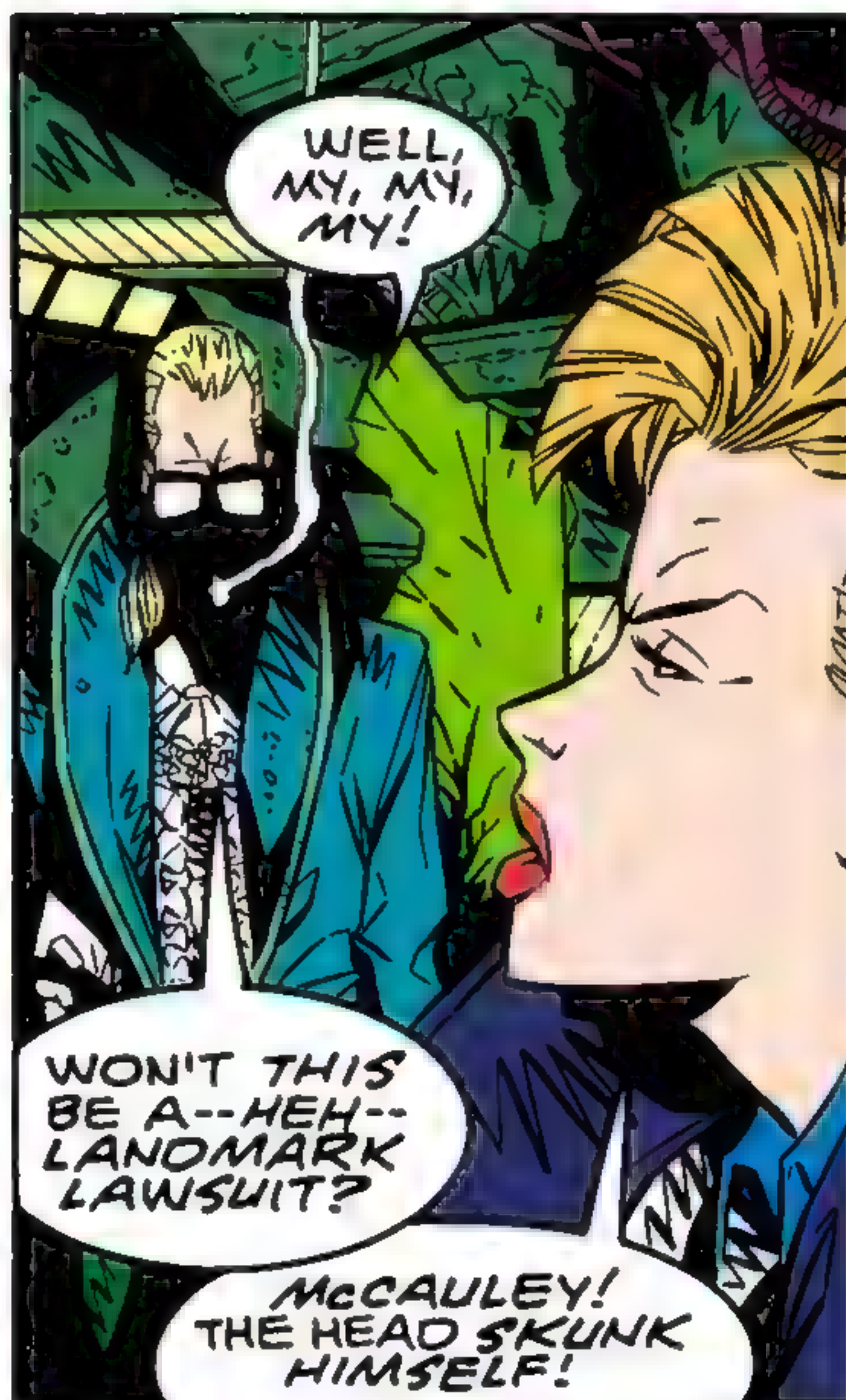
BUT I
CAN SEE
WHAT'S
KEEPING
HIM
THERE...



AND...
HMMM...

PZZT
PZZT

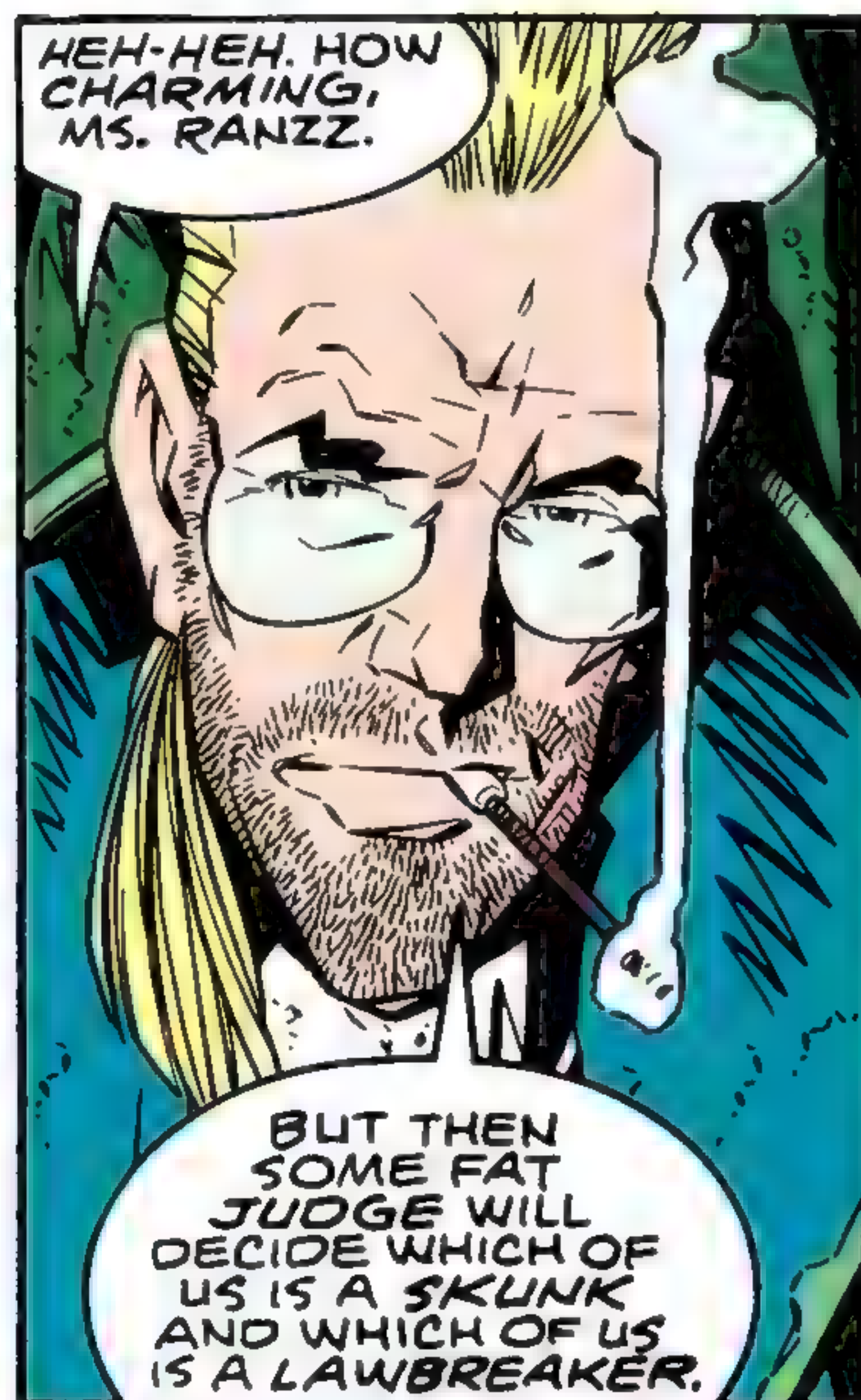
YEAH, I
CAN DO
SOME-
THING
ABOUT
IT...



WELL,
MY, MY,
MY!

WON'T THIS
BE A--HEH--
LANDMARK
LAWSUIT?

MCCAULEY!
THE HEAD SKUNK
HIMSELF!



HEH-HEH. HOW
CHARMING,
MS. RANZZ.

BUT THEN
SOME FAT
JUDGE WILL
DECIDE WHICH OF
US IS A SKUNK
AND WHICH OF US
IS A LAWBREAKER.



DON'T BET
ON IT,
MCCAULEY.

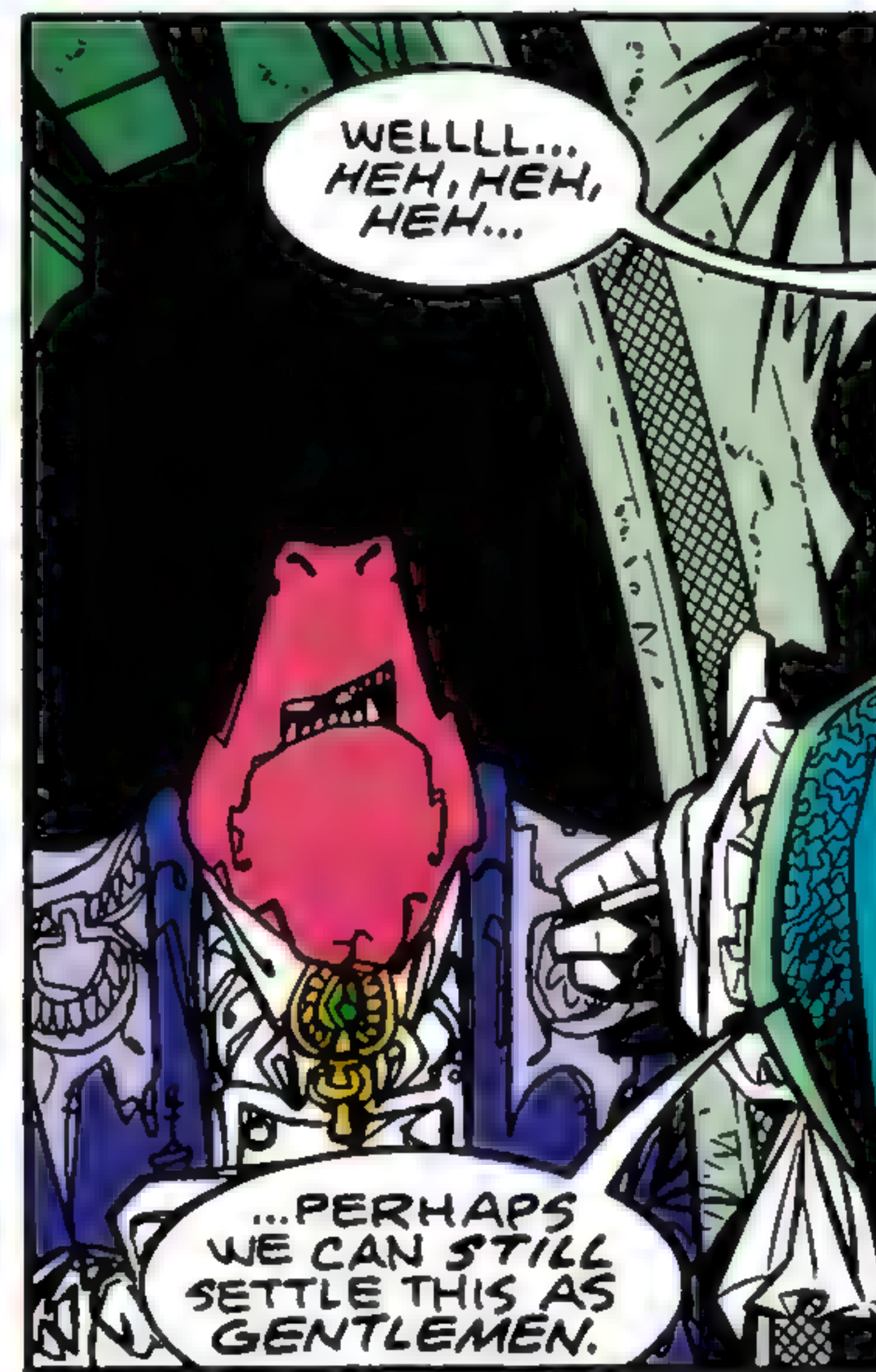
OH,
DAMN.

BRANDE'S
TIRESOME LITTLE
BASTARD IS BACK
AMONG US.



THAT'S
RIGHT,
PAL.

AND THIS
TIME, ALL
THE CREDITS IN
THE UNIVERSE
WON'T KEEP
YOU OUT OF
JAIL.

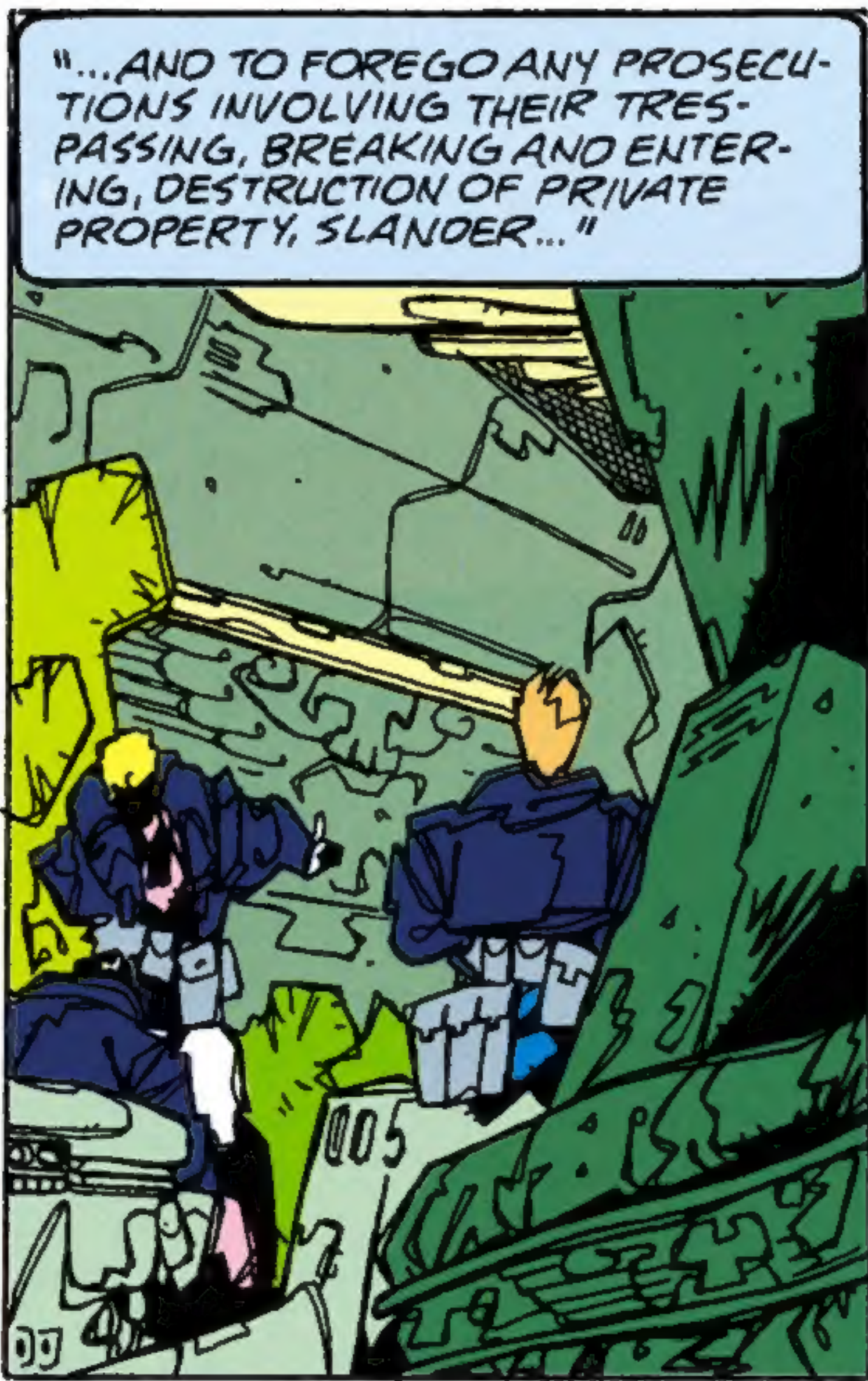


WELLL...
HEH, HEH,
HEH...

...PERHAPS
WE CAN STILL
SETTLE THIS AS
GENTLEMEN.



"...AND MR. McCauley DOES HEREBY AGREE TO RELEASE HIS GUESTS..."

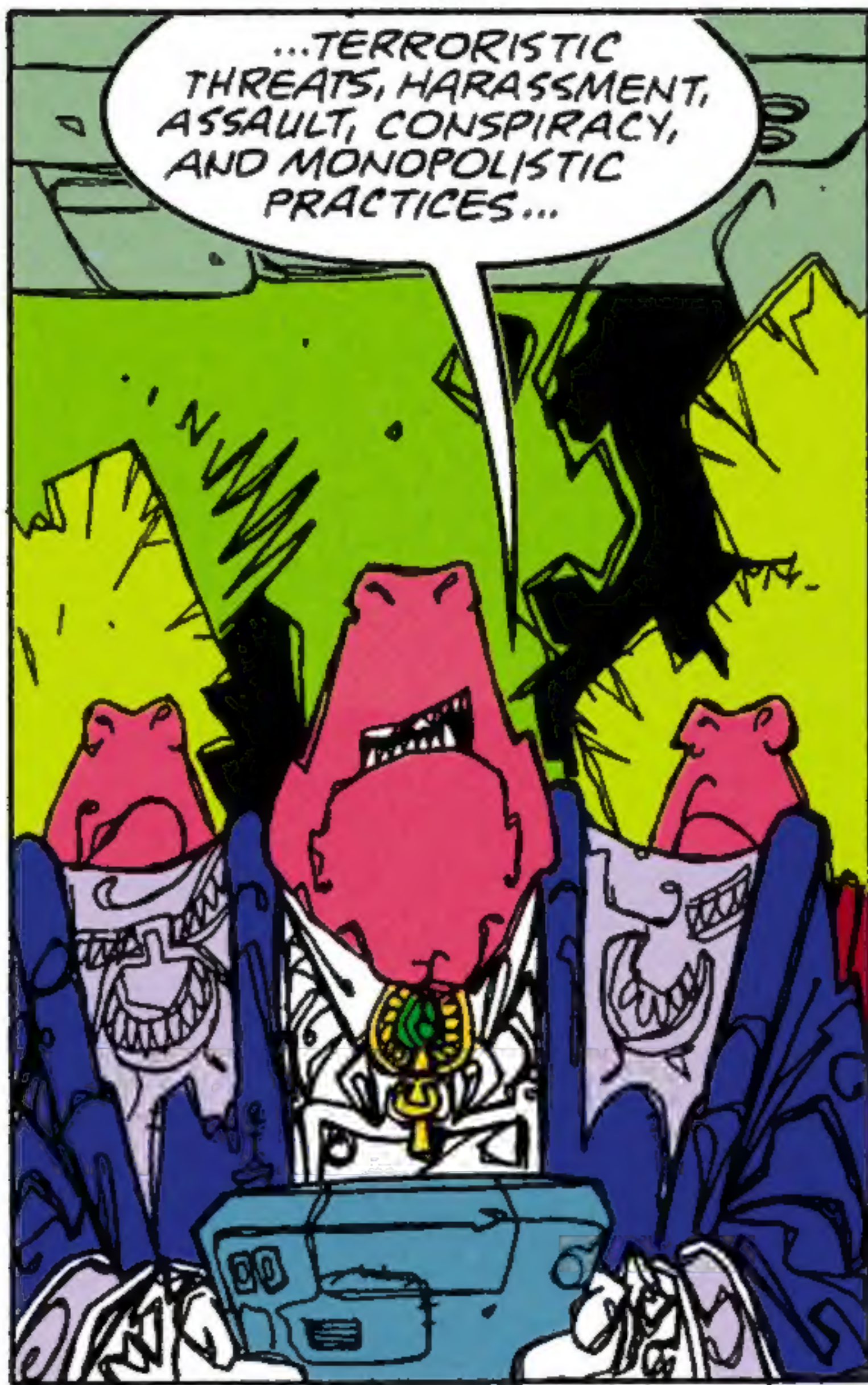


"...AND TO FOREGO ANY PROSECUTIONS INVOLVING THEIR TRESPASSING, BREAKING AND ENTERING, DESTRUCTION OF PRIVATE PROPERTY, SLANDER..."



GEEZ, LAWYERS!

I MEAN, WHAT COULD BE TAKING SO LONG IN THERE?



...TERRORISTIC THREATS, HARASSMENT, ASSAULT, CONSPIRACY, AND MONOPOLISTIC PRACTICES...

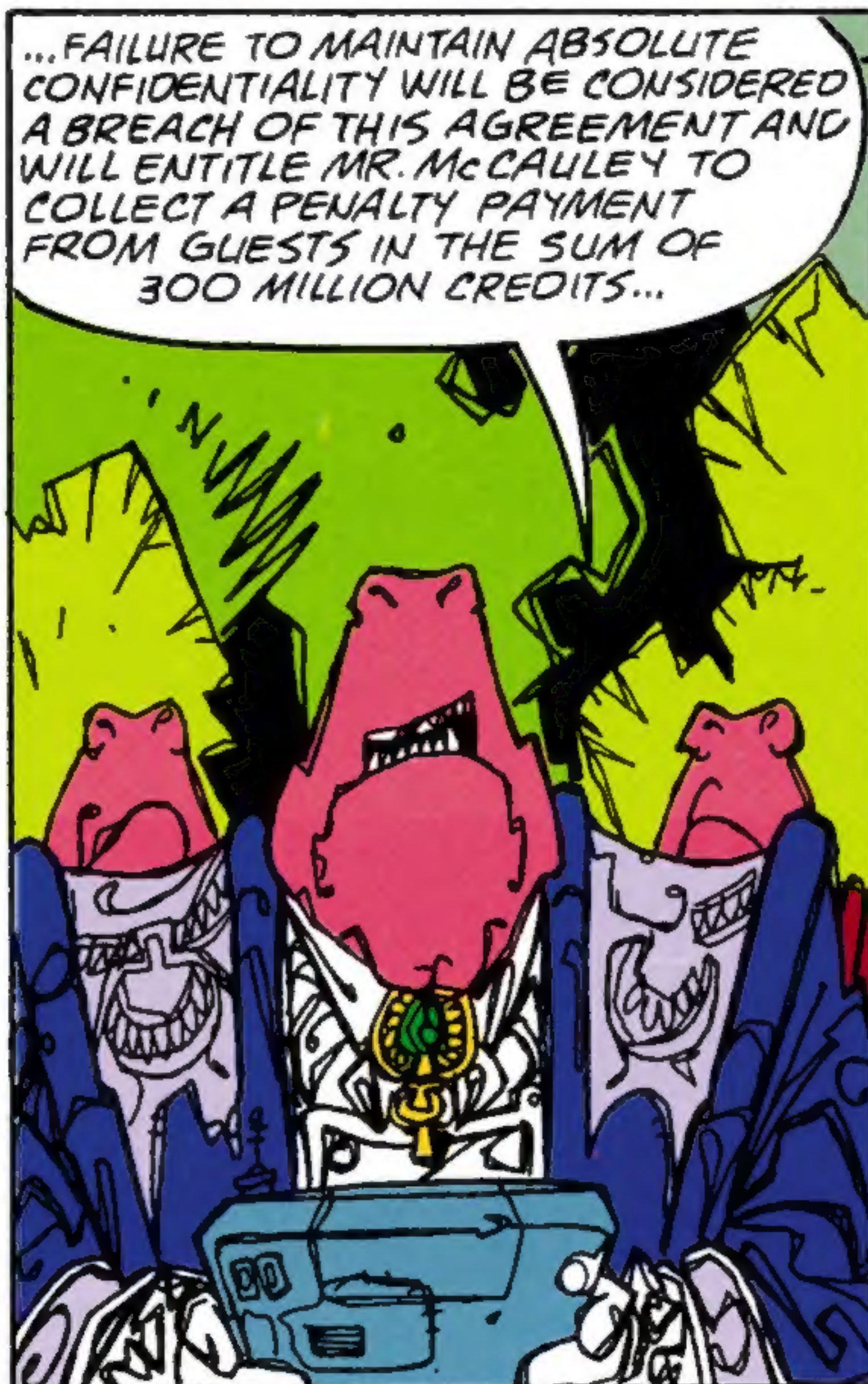


PROVIDED THAT ALL PARTIES ABIDE BY THE CONFIDENTIALITY CLAUSES AS STIPULATED IN THIS AGREEMENT...



...FOREVER AND THROUGH ALL POSSIBLE MEANS OF COMMUNICATIONS IN ALL UNIVERSES...

...yyeesh...



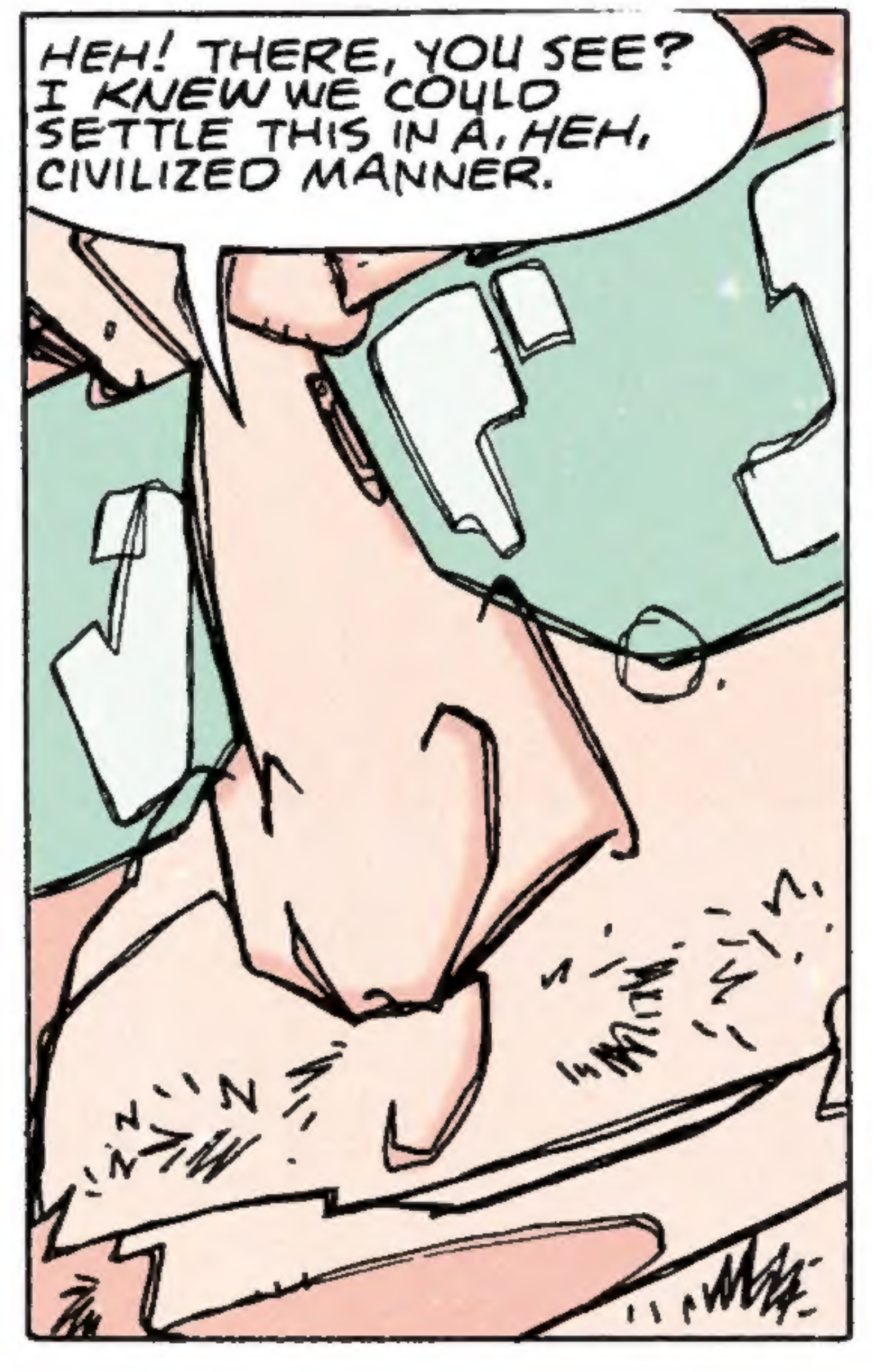
...FAILURE TO MAINTAIN ABSOLUTE CONFIDENTIALITY WILL BE CONSIDERED A BREACH OF THIS AGREEMENT AND WILL ENTITLE MR. McCauley TO COLLECT A PENALTY PAYMENT FROM GUESTS IN THE SUM OF 300 MILLION CREDITS...



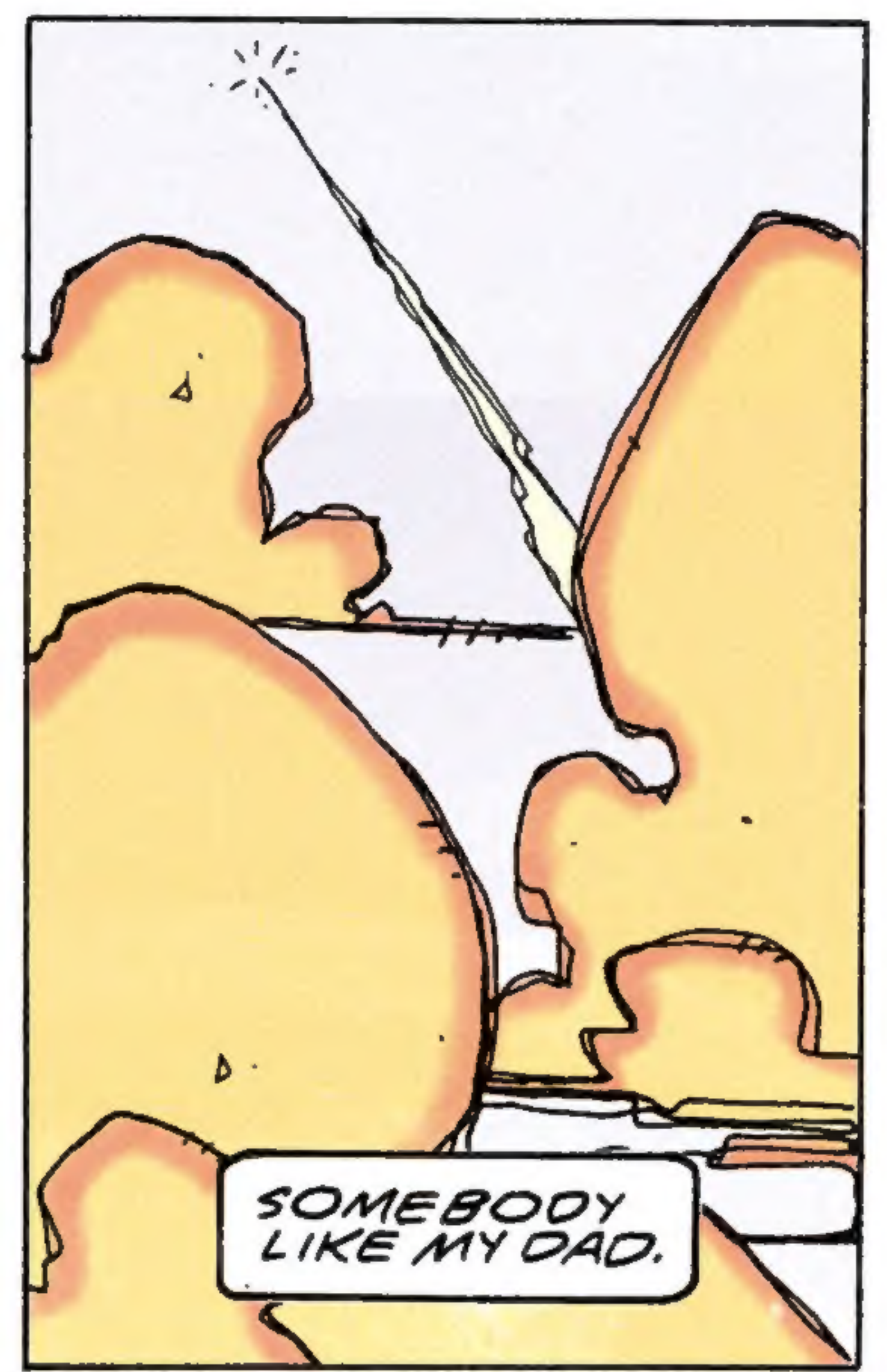
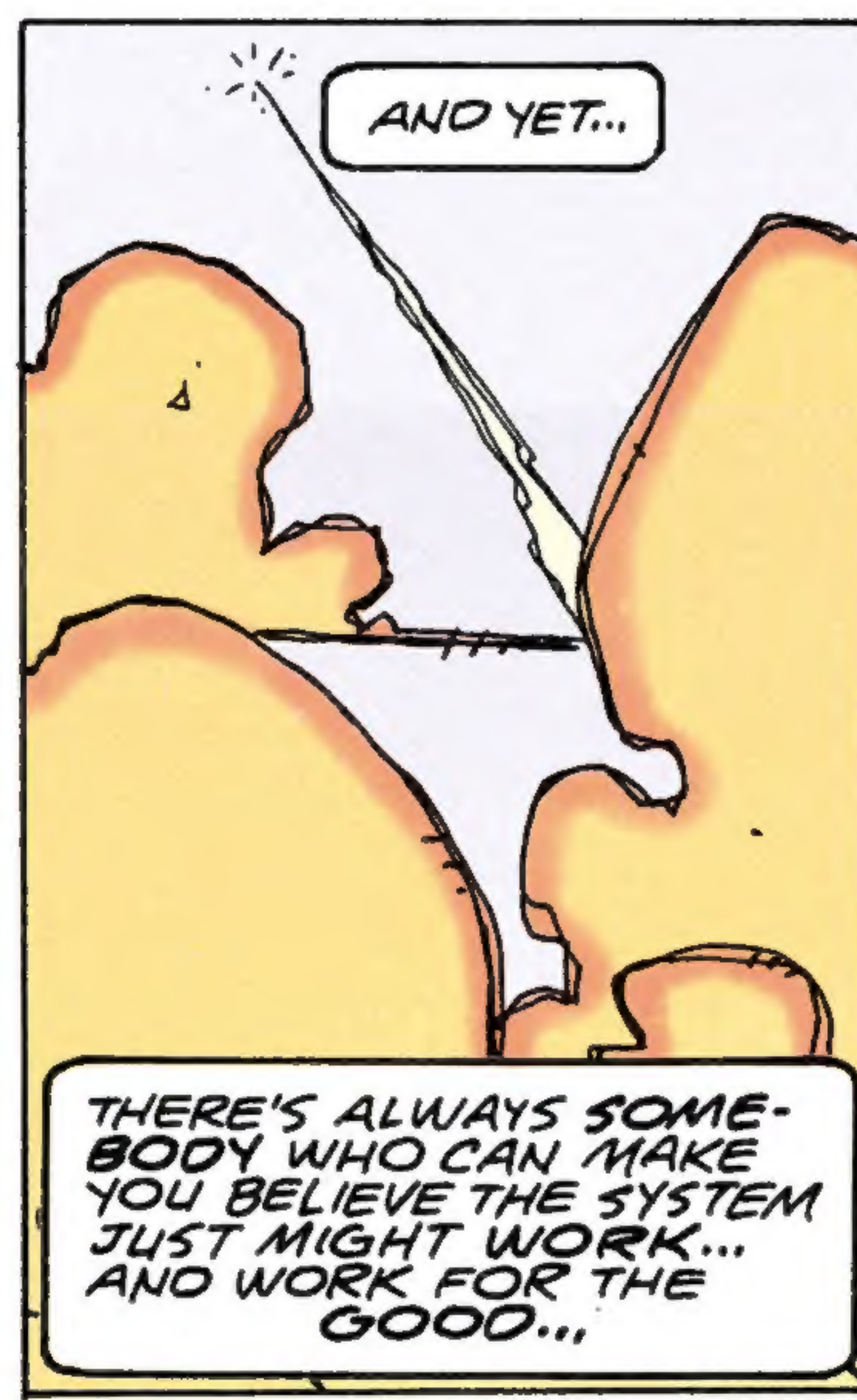
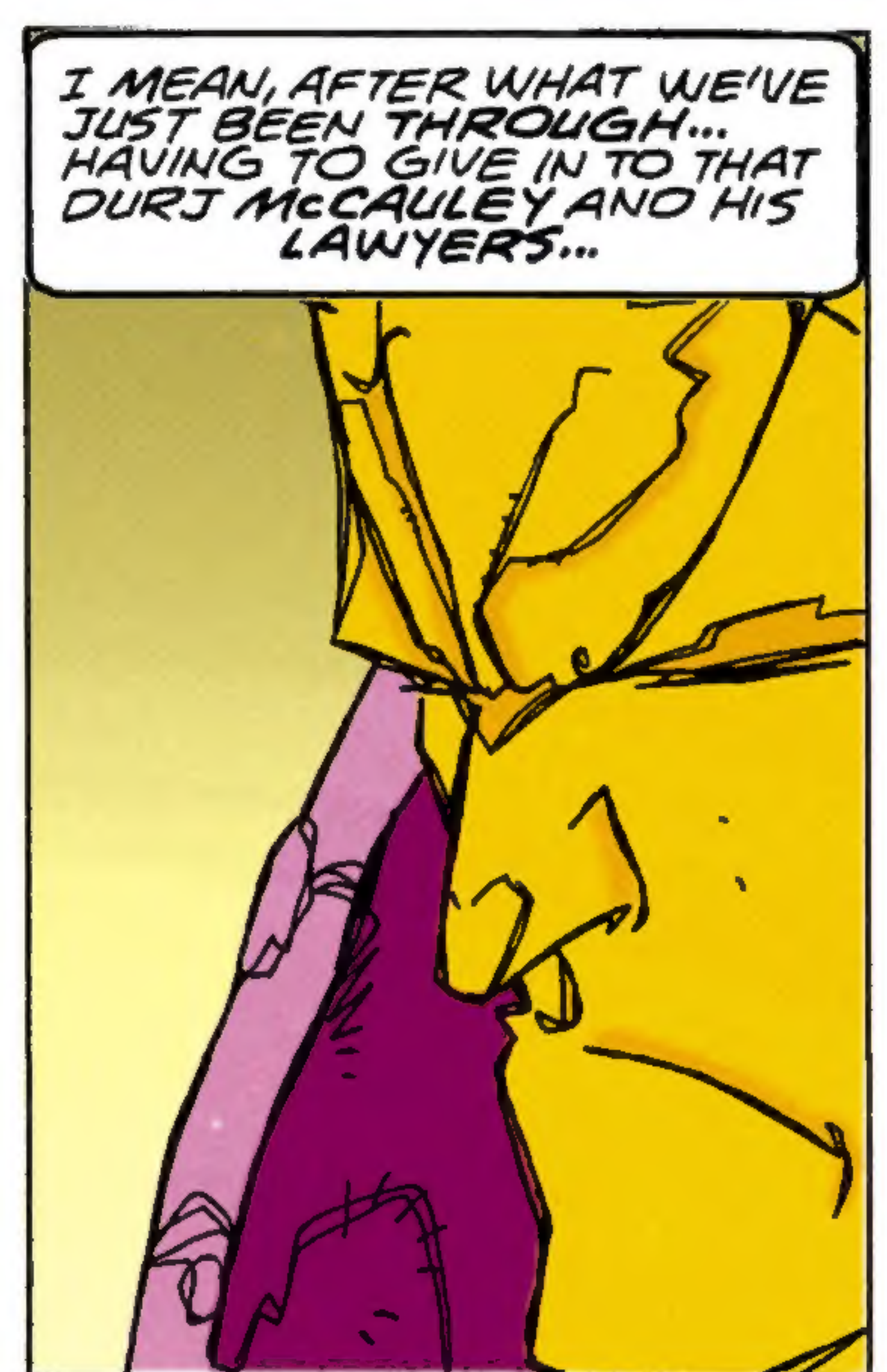
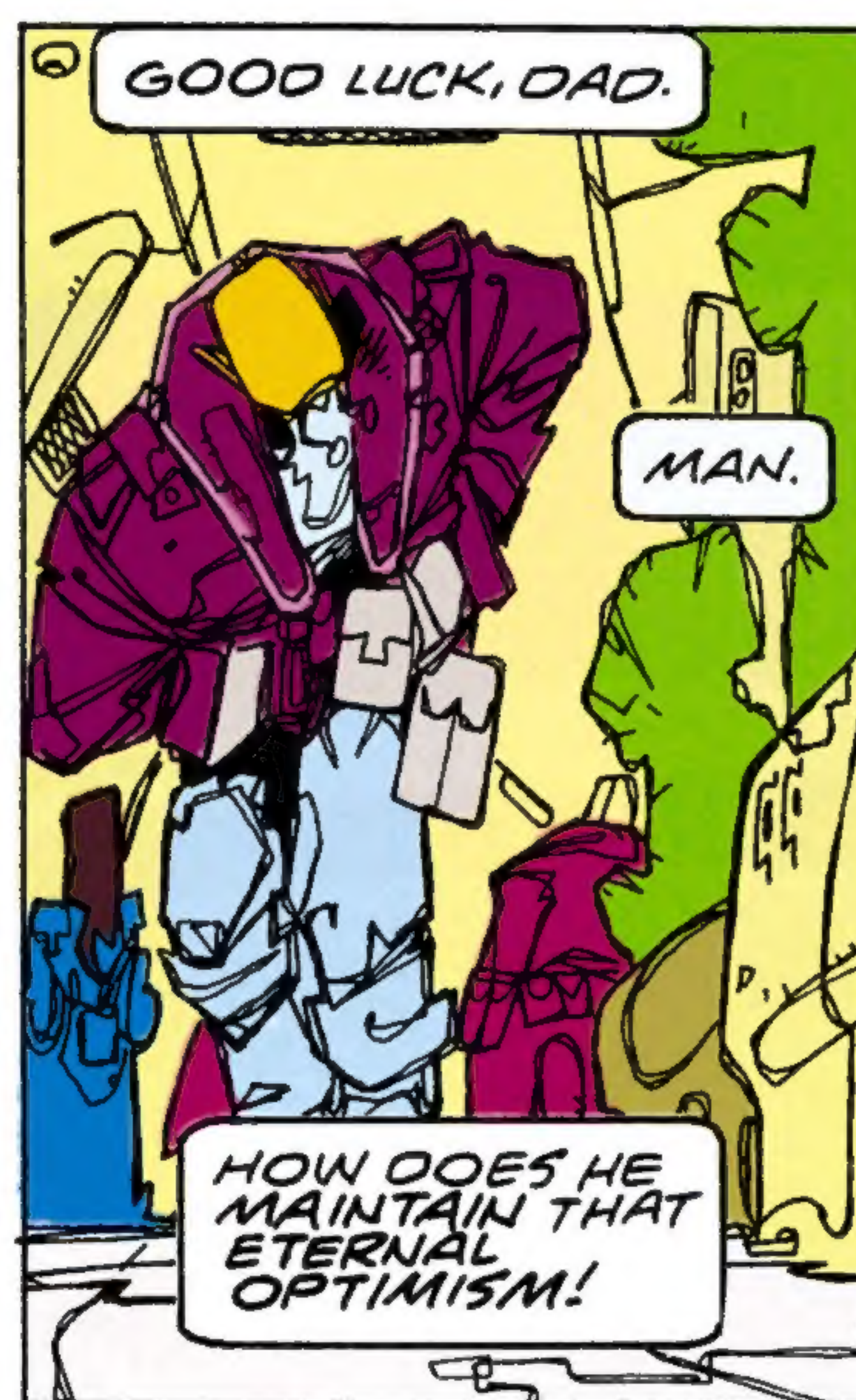
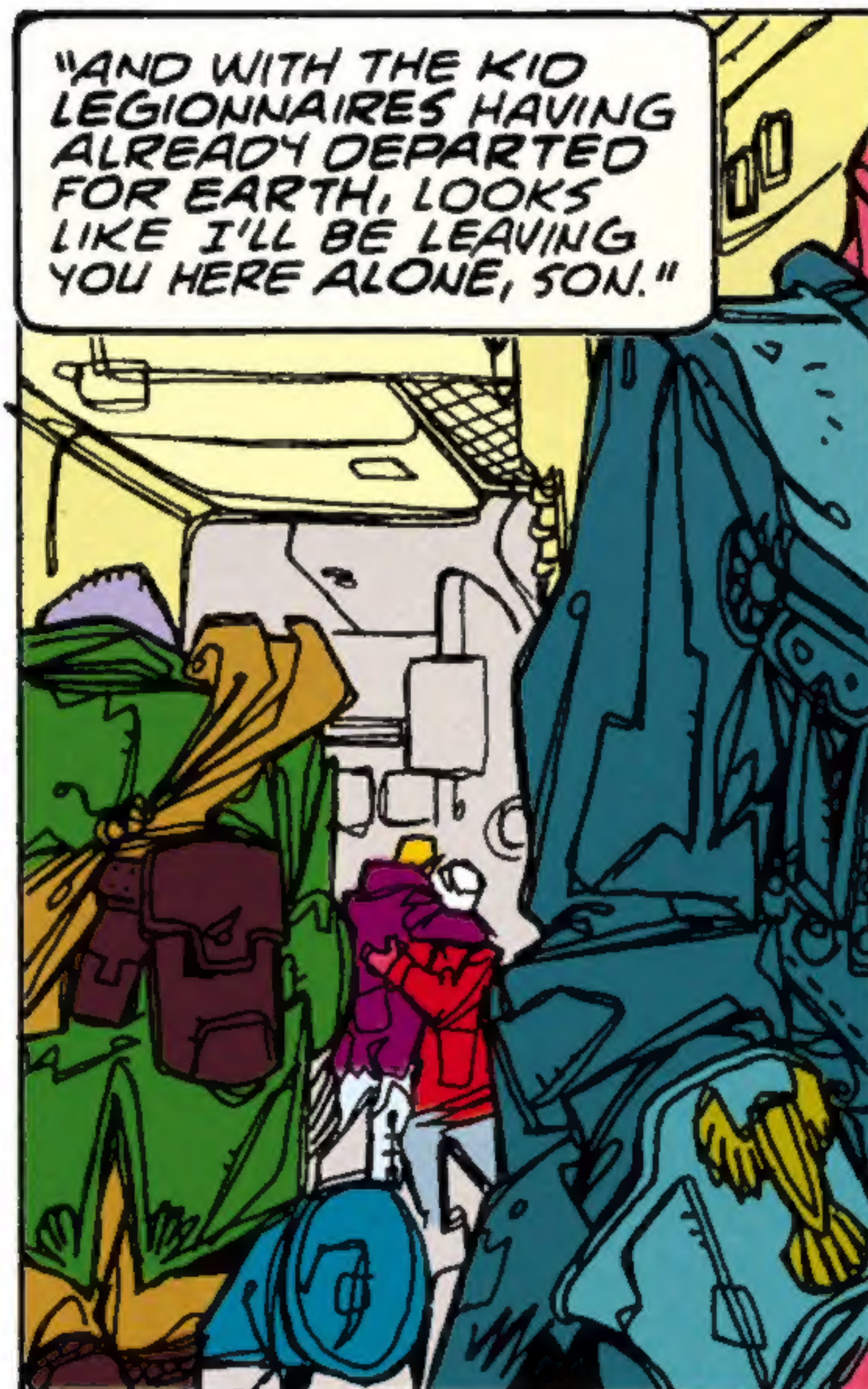
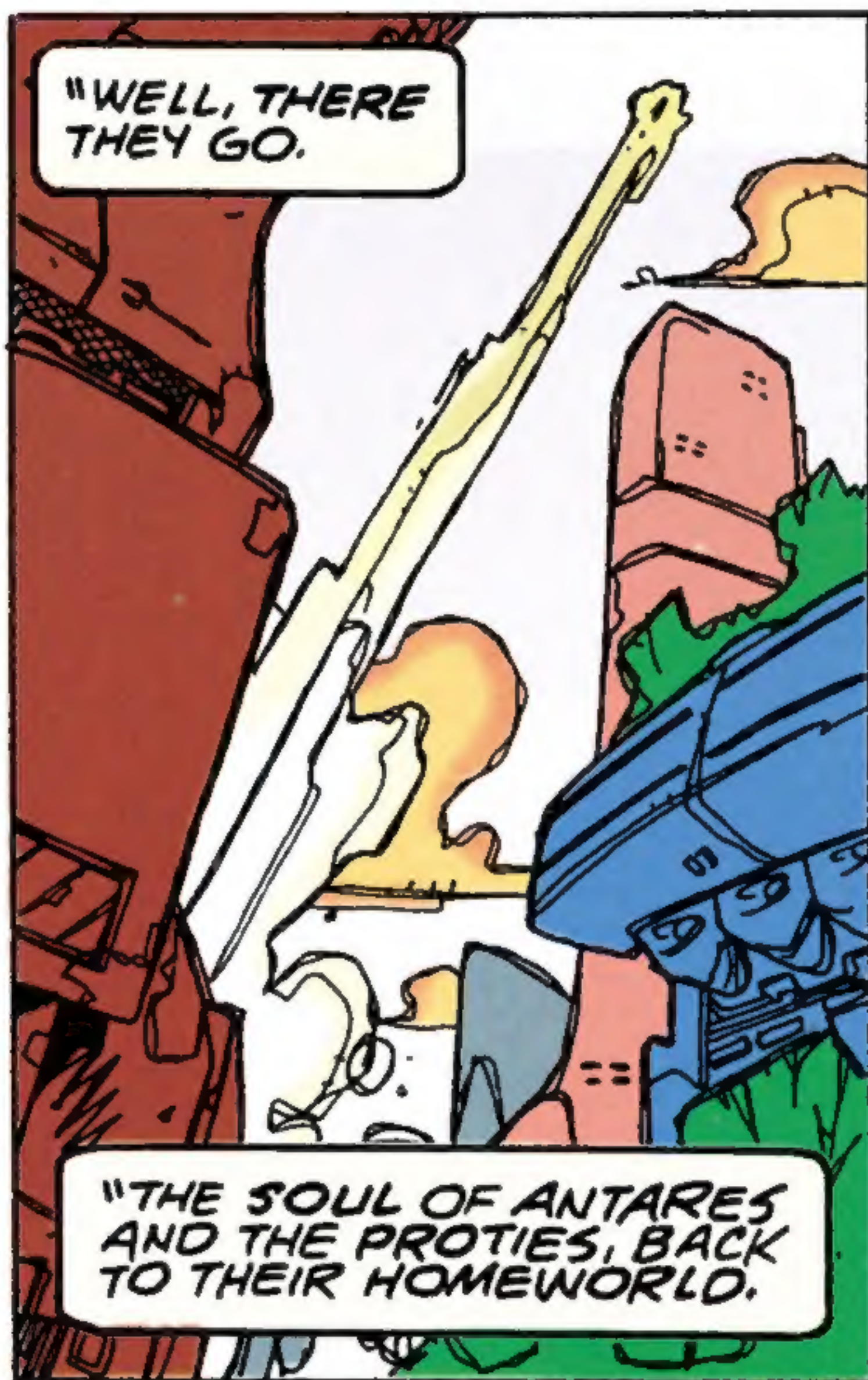
...IN ADDITION TO PERMITTING HIM TO PURSUE LITIGATION ADDRESSING ALL THE ABOVE-MENTIONED CHARGES...

ENOUGH. WE GET THE IDEA.

WHERE DO WE SIGN?



HEH! THERE, YOU SEE? I KNEW WE COULD SETTLE THIS IN A, HEH, CIVILIZED MANNER.





ON THE FRINGES OF EARTH'S SOLAR SYSTEM...

"...I MEAN, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A SERIOUS BABE HERE, JO."



KENT, YOU'RE TRYING TO FIX ME UP AGAIN, AREN'T YOU?

ARE YOU KIDDING? I SAW THIS ONE FIRST.



I MEAN, YOU JUST LOOK AT THIS WOMAN AND... OH, MAN!

...COMIN' UP ON EARTH. SHOULD HAVE VISUAL SOON.



UH-HUH. GOT AN INSTRUMENT FIX ALREADY.

...Y'KNOW, SHE'S THE KIND OF WOMAN YOU ALMOST DON'T WANT TO FALL FOR...



BUT IT'S LIKE YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELF.

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, DON'T YOU?

OH, YES.



...GOT VISUAL NOW.

RIGHT.

...I MEAN, YOU CAN ALMOST FEEL THE PHEROMONES JUST GRABBING YOU...



WHOA! WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS. JESUS!

HEY, ROKK, TAKE A LOOK AT...

WHOOOPS, SHH! I THINK HE'S ASLEEP.



YEAH, BETTER LET THE POOR GUY REST.

WOW, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? THAT USED TO BE EARTH!



THAT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT.



TOM & MARY BIERBAUM
Writers

STUART IMMONEN
Pencils, pages 1-13, 23-24

KEITH GIFFEN
Pencils, pages 14-22; inks, 21-22

JOHN DELL III
Inks, pages 1-20, 23-24

JOHN WORKMAN
Letters

TOM McCRAW
Colors

EDDIE BERGANZA
Assists

KC CARLSON
MICHAEL EURY
Editors